THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JULY, 1806.

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II. *The Death of the Stag.—An Engraving.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILITARY SPORTS AND GAMES.—Though this is taken from a Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, now publishing in numbers, we thank the Correspondent who has taken the trouble to make the Extract. It is not customary with us to give any opinion upon books until we have the whole before us; but as our Correspondent assures us, that all that relates to the eccentricity of that extraordinary character in his Sports and Games, is carefully extracted, we shall reserve them for the next number. This we are the more induced to do from the neatness of the author's style, and the evident impartiality—divested of scurrility or adulation—with which he has drawn the character of Buonaparte, his manners, and policy, as a Soldier, a Statesman, and a Sovereign.

THE Favour communicated by Quintilius, may be found in the Poetical Department. Respecting his letter of the preceding month, we cannot implicitly follow his advice; because, upon consideration, we find that instances of the approbation of that which he censures, form a considerable majority against his opinion. Besides, the Sporting Magazine, combining general entertainment with professional intelligence relative to the Chase, the Turf, &c. &c. is not merely read by one branch of the families of our Subscribers; but extends to others, whose more delicate taste and feelings, as we are studiously observant never to outrage, we still hope our variety will continue to interest in our favour.—Surely a modern Nimrod is not to be found so ungallant, as to wish to engross every item of the whole bill of fare to himself! We hope better things.

ESSAY on the Effects of Boxing Matches in our next.

THE Poetry, signed P. from Newton, is closed by a stale Epigram.—We beg leave to hint, that such communications, when the postage is unpaid, are generally returned to the senders.

THE Epitaph on Robin, late Huntsman to the Leicester Hunt, shall appear in our next.

THE Article of "Mares sent to Stallions this Season," is unavoidably postponed till next month, as is also the "Performances of the celebrated Race-horse, Brandon."

FOR the sake of a more methodical arrangement, we propose to drop the heads, "Sporting Varieties," "Select Sporting Articles," &c. and to give the whole under one general head—"Sporting Intelligence."

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Pyrrhus.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JULY, 1806.

PYRRHUS,

A noted Derbyshire Greyhoud, the Property of C. Heathcote Rhodes, Esq.

THIS engraving is by Mr. Scott, from the original picture, painted by Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham. It gives us great pleasure to bear testimony to the improving genius of Mr. Tomson, who has not only many engagements for paintings of horses and dogs, in his own neighbourhood, Yorkshire, &c. but is lately returned from Weymouth, and other parts of the West of England, where his talents have been duly appreciated, and liberally encouraged.

SANCHO AND PAVILION, AT LEWES RACES.

WISHING to be correct in our Racing Calendar, we avoid giving races, in that department, from newspaper information, when near to the day of publication.—We should, nevertheless, feel ourselves both ungrateful and unpardonable, not to furnish the cursory topics as they occur, down to the time of our first half sheet going to press; in doing which, in the present instance, we offer the following, as the general report of one of the most extraordinary races—from the magnitude of the bets, and its termination—that ever was run.

THE long-expected match between the Earl of Darlington's famous horse Pavilion, and Mr. Mellish's no less famous horse Sancho, was decided on Thursday, July 24, upon Lewes Race Ground.—The distance was four miles, equal weight, eight stone seven pounds each. No match has taken place for a long time that excited so much interest. The people of Brighton, Worthing, and all the other neighbouring towns and villages, at an early hour began to put themselves in motion. About twelve o'clock, the company on the ground amounted to about 1000, but in less than an hour they exceeded 3000, and many bets were made. Sancho had been always the favourite, and for some days past the odds were 7 to 4 in his favour. On Wednesday, however, they varied a little, and came down to 5 to 4; but on the day of the race, the bets were in favour of Pavilion: the odds completely changed sides, and 6 to 4 was frequently laid upon him. This revolution was produced by a report that Sancho was not well. At a quarter before two, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived upon the ground, in his barouche and six beautiful greys. His Royal Highness sat upon the barouche seat, and was driven by Sir John

Lade.

Lade. The company inside were the Earl of Darlington, Mr. Smith, and three other gentlemen. The barouche drove up towards the Judge's box, and took its station at the distance of about twenty yards from it. Mr. Mellish, the owner of Sancho, drove up soon after, in his barouche and four beautiful greys, with the Countess of Barrymore and three other ladies inside. At two o'clock, the two horses came upon the ground; Pavilion was the first. He was walked the length of the railing, and was surrounded by the company, who were greatly pleased with his appearance. Great activity was now used to clear the course, no person being suffered inside the railing.—In this business Mr. Mellish shewed great anxiety, and exerted himself very much. At five minutes past two, the horses were saddled, and Mr. Mellish went up to Sancho, and led him about ten yards before the start. Buckle rode Sancho, in a white jacket and crimson sleeves.—Pavilion was rode by young Chifney, in a light orange jacket, with gold lace stripes. Expectation was now raised to its extreme height.—The moment of trial at length arrived, and the horses started at ten minutes past two. Pavilion took the lead, and kept it about four lengths for the first two miles.—Sancho now began to fetch up his distance, and gained about a length in the third mile. Five minutes had now elapsed, and the two horses had turned the post, Pavilion maintaining his last mentioned distance a-head of Sancho. The bets now ran two to one upon Pavilion. Just on the flat, at the commencement of the last mile, the grand struggle and display of speed and jockeyship commenced. In running home this last mile, Sancho felt himself upon the ground where he usually made his pushes, and Buckle now pursued the same system. He ran in a fine style up to Pavilion, passed him, and for a moment victory appeared doubtful. This arduous and anxious struggle lasted until the horses came up to the distance-post, when, to the great sorrow and disappointment of every one who did not gain by the event, Sancho broke completely down. Pavilion ran home, and won easy. It was in his near fore foot that Sancho failed. He was so lame, that it was with difficulty he carried his weight to the winning-post. Just at the moment Sancho broke down, the odds had changed greatly in his favour, and 5 to 1 was betted upon him. Pavilion did not appear in the least distressed. Mr. Mellish, it is said, had £20,000 depending upon this match, including the £2000 for which the match was made. He will also be obliged to forfeit half of the two matches which Sancho was to run; that is, a mile at Brighton, for the same sum, between the same horses; and the match for £1000 against his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's famous horse Haphazard. Sancho will never be able to run again. The complaint is in the fetlock.

Among the company present were, the Duchess of St. Albans in in a curricle;—her Grace was in mourning, and looked very interesting; the Marchioness of Clanricarde, in a barouche and four fine greys; the beautiful Countess Berkeley, and four other ladies, in a landau; Mr. Potts and family, in a barouche and four bays. The Earl of Barrymore was on horseback, in company with the Hon. Captain Stanhope; Lord Monson, Lord G. Cavendish, Mr. Dalton, Colonel Graham from Worthing, Lord Stawell,

well, and several officers of the 6th dragoons, from Lewes, were among the fashionable equestrians. The Prince and his party, and Mr. Mellish and his party, after the race, went to the Star Inn, Lewes, where they alighted, and partook of some refreshment; and at half past three they returned to Brighton.

BRIGHTON RACES.

TO the foregoing we shall add a short account of the races at Brighton, on Friday and Saturday, the 25th and 26th inst. and which will be given more at length in our next month's Racing Calendar.

FRIDAY, July 25.—The Smoakers' Stakes of 20gs each, for all ages.—The last mile.—Was won by His R. H. the P. of Wales's Albion, beating Mr. Fermor's Hippomenes, Lord Egremont's Slipper, and Mr. Howorth's Patagonian.—Slipper the favourite at starting; but the odds were 5 to 4 the field against her.—A good race.

The first year of the Pavilion Stakes of 100gs each, for three-yr olds. The winner of the Derby, Oaks, or Ascot Stakes, to carry 7lb. extra.—The last mile.—Was won by Lord Egremont's Trafalgar, beating Mr. Wilson's bay colt by Hambletonian. Seventeen were entered, but only the above two started. All the rest forfeited. Trafalgar, the winner, though named as Lord Egremont's, belongs to Mr. Mellish.—A good race.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each.—The New Course.—Was won by Mr. Watson's Dreadnought, beating His R. H. the P. of Wales's Petruchio, and Mr. Howorth's Honesty.—Won only by half a neck.

The first year of a renewal of the Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three-year olds; colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb.—The last mile of the Course. The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded within a quarter of an hour after the race, the owner of the second horse being first entitled, &c. To continue in the year 1807. Closed. Lord Egremont's b. f. by Gohanna, walked over.

The Silver Cup of 50gs value, the surplus in specie, a Subscription of 5gs each, for all ages.—The New Course. The winner to be sold for 100gs, if demanded within a quarter of an hour after the race, the owner of the second horse being first entitled, &c. This Subscription is closed.—Was won by Lord Egremont's Cerberus, beating Mr. Ladbroke's Sir Peregrine. Seven started, and all run home close; but the Judge could only place the above two. Lord Egremont's did not win by more than a head.

SATURDAY, July 26.—The Hippocampus Stakes for 50gs each, h. ft. for three-yr olds; colts 8st 5lb, fillies 8st. The winner of the Derby, Oaks, Ascot, or Pavilion Stakes to carry 7lb extra.—New Course. Was won by Mr. Wilson's bay colt by Hambletonian, beating Sir John Shelley's colt by Sir Peter. This was a fine race: the distance, two miles, was run by the winner in three minutes and a half.

The first year of a renewal of the Petworth Stakes of 10gs each, for horses; four-yr olds 7st 7lb, five-yr olds 8st 7lb, six-yr olds 9st, and aged 9st 3lb.—Four miles. Mares allowed 3 pounds. The winner to be sold for 250gs, if demanded within a quarter of an hour after the race, the owner of the second horse being first entitled, &c.—Was won by Lord Egremont's Cerberus, beating Mr. Mellish's Norval, His R. H. the P. of Wales's Pedestrian, and

and Mr Ladbroke's Dudley.—Won by only half a neck. Bets 7 to 4 on Norval, as he passed the stand coming in.

Somerset Stakes of 50gs each, h.ft. for horses &c. four-yr olds 7st 7lb, five-yr olds 8st 5lb, six-yr olds 8st 11lb, and aged 8st 13lb.—Four miles. Mares allowed 3lb; and horses bred in Ireland, 5lb.—Was won by the Prince of Wales's Barbarossa, beating Sir John Shelley's Houghton-Lass.— Barbarossa the favourite before starting. The Ladies, including the Countess of Barrymore, betted each five guineas on him, and Mr. Mellish, with his usual gallantry, accepted the bets. Barbarossa was rode by Will Edwards, one of the Prince's grooms. Houghton-Lass took the lead until they came to the turning of the course, when Barbarossa passed her. Bets 10 to 1, and finally 100 to 1, on Barbarossa. A most admirable race.

Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c. three-yr olds 7st 6lb, four-yr olds 8st 11lb, and five-yr olds 9st 7lb. A winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1806, to carry 3lb extra; of two, 7lb extra.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Heats, the New Course.—Was won by the Prince of Wales's Barouche, beating Lord Stawell's Jumper.—This race consisted of three heats, the first being a dead one. It was won by Barouche, and afforded excellent sport.

RACES TO COME.

Edinburgh	Aug.	4
Huntingdon		5
Newbury		5
Nottingham		5
Oxford		5
Newcastle, Staffordshire		6
Exeter		11
Derby		12
Worcester		12
Taunton		14
York August Meeting		16
Reading		26
Northampton		27
Boroughbridge		27
Chesterfield		27
Egham	Sept.	2
Richmond		2
Pontefract		9
Lincoln		10
Kingscote		16
Leicester		17
Beccles		22
Doncaster		22
Newmarket 1st Oct Meet.		29
——— 2d ditto	Oct.	13
——— Houghton Meeting		27

DUEL BETWEEN LORD BARRYMORE AND MR. HOWORTH.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 25th inst. a duel was fought between the Earl of Barrymore, and Mr. Howorth; Mr. Mellish was second to the Earl of Barrymore, and Sir J. Shelley to Mr. Howorth. The dispute arose the preceding evening while at cards, in which it is said the Earl of Barrymore gave Mr. H. the lie twice; on which his lordship received a blow across the table in the eye, which turned black, and a cut on the lip. The parties immediately proceeded to Block Bottom, between Rottendean and Brighton, when they fired a shot each, but without effect.—Mr. Mellish then interfered, and the parties returned to Brighton.—Should any further authentic particulars occur on this subject, they shall be noticed in our next publication.

PIGEON

PIGEON SHOOTING.

THE match between Mr. Moreton and Mr. G. Keates, of Abingdon, took place on Wednesday July 2, at Child's-hill, near Hampstead, for 100 guineas. Notwithstanding the celebrity of Mr. Moreton, bets were 5 to 4 on Mr. Keates on the ground. The bounds were 100 yards for the bird to fall in.

SHOTS.	MORETON.	KEATES.
1	killed	hit
2	hit	killed
3	killed	hit, and fell 3 yards out of bounds.
4	missed	killed
5	killed	ditto
6	ditto	ditto
7	ditto	ditto
8	ditto	ditto
9	missed	ditto
10	ditto	ditto
11	killed	ditto
12	missed	missed
13	killed	killed
14	hit	ditto
15	killed	ditto
16	ditto	ditto
17	ditto	ditto
18	hit	ditto
19	killed	ditto
20	missed	ditto
21	ditto	hit, and died out of bounds

It will be seen that the match was decided at 18 shots, but the competitors shot at the number of birds to decide the bettings.

The odds were 2 to 1 against Moreton after the 10th fire, 3 to 1 after the 12th fire, 4 to 1 at the 14th, and 10 to 1 at the 16th.

Another match at five pigeons each took place between a Berkshire Gentleman and Mr. Collisson. The latter won.

After the matches were over, a challenge was given: three, four, or five Gentlemen of Berkshire, at pigeon shooting, against the same number of any County in England.

A match of Pigeon-shooting took place on Thursday July 24, on Finchley Common, for twenty guineas a side, between F. Moss, Esq. a celebrated snipe shot, and Mr. Hanson, a Yeoman, of Herts, at 15 pigeons each. Mr. Moss missed his first, fifth, and fifteenth bird, and his competitor missed his second, eleventh, and thirteenth. They proceeded to decide the match by continuing to fire until one missed his bird, which was the case in Mr. M.'s fourth fire. His opponent then killed his bird, which decided the match. Hanson the favourite before the shooting began.

VAUXHALL

VAUXHALL SAILING MATCH.

At half past five in the evening of Monday July 21, seven Gentlemen's sailing pleasure boats, of various dimensions, started for the Proprietor of Vauxhall's annual gift of a Silver Cup and Cover. Three of the boats were as small as 4 tons burden each, three were of the dimensions of 7 tons each, and the other, belonging to Mr. Farebrother, the sail-maker, was built to carry as much as 17 tons. Mr. Farebrother's skill, as a sail-maker, was demonstrated in the snug fit, and judicious proportion of his sails; he also stood well by for the signal, had all ready, and started directly as it was given.—This gave him the lead at the outset. The St. George, Capt. Gunston, however, was an excellent sailer, she was clean built, and carried spanking sails; she also was steered with judgment, and pressed very close upon Capt. Farebrother's quarter. The Amelia carried her bowsprit away below Westminster Bridge, and three others gave in before they reached so far. The contest was then continued to so few competitors that many would have thought the attraction considerably lessened. The Duke of Manchester's cutter, however, and several other Gentlemen's pleasure-boats were out, and from the first of the race to the last, the weather was so inviting, that the Thames could be walked across by stepping from boat to boat at some places. There were some experiments also made of men walking in the water by means of Daniel's Life Preserver, in case of shipwreck.

Capt F. continued his superiority to the end, and came in at half after eight; the St. George was about ten minutes behind; and the other two did not come in until it was near nine o'clock. All the most fashionable part of the company, which was really very numerous, then finished their day's pleasure by going to Vauxhall.

COCKING.

AT NEWCASTLE.

In the Race-Week, a long Main of Cocks was fought between the Gentlemen of Durham, and the Gentlemen of Northumberland, for 10gs a Battle, and 200gs the Main, which concluded on Saturday, and was won by the former, two a-head. Setters, Harbourn for Durham, and Lockley for Northumberland. The Cocks were fed by various feeders.

MORPETH.

During the Races, a Main of Cocks was fought between R. W. Brandling, Esq. Sunley, feeder; and Robert Storey, Esq. Small, feeder; for 10gs a Battle, and 200gs the Main.

Sunley.	M	*Small.* M
Tuesday	6	5
Wednesday	8	3
Thursday	8	4
	22	12

PRESTON.

In the Race-Week, a Main of Cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby, Goodhall, feeder; and Richard Crosse, Esq. Gilliver feeder; for 10gs a Battle, and 200gs the Main.

Goodhall.	M	B	*Gilliver.* M	B
Monday	12	3	2	1
Tuesday	5	0	2	1
Wednesday	0	1	8	0
Thursday	6	1	2	1
	23	5	14	3

At starting, 6 to 4 on Mr. Crosse; during the fight, 100 to 1 on Ld Derby, but before the finish, numbers offered to take 2 to 1.

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE.

FROM

Newport to Yarmouth, the Needles, and back to Newport.

Longevity—Farm at Freshwater—The Nautilus—Fragment—Ominous Presagements—The Schelling Sarcnet.

From shore to shore I trace the devious way,
Nor heed the show'r, nor shun the sultry ray;
The eager mind, on novel objects bent,
Finds, midst each change, a sweet content;
The wearied frame at eve lies down in peace,
And, with the morning-walk, its joys increase.
If greater pleasures wait the courtier's lot,
Let pride enjoy them, I shall envy not.

LONGEVITY.

I REMEMBER to have seen in the Trussecian gallery of paintings, two pictures by the celebrated Denner, the one represented a very young female, the other an extremely aged man, and these were placed together to shew the artists skill in describing the opposite stages of human nature; and indeed so successful had Denner been, that they were every thing but life itself. On the girl's lips appeared a tempting humidity, while the complexion, and the liquid brilliancy of the eyes excited the greatest admiration. In the old man the painter had been as faithful, and equally added to my astonishment. If such pleasure could arise from these shadows, how much higher were my sensations this morning, when two living beings entered my inn, an aged man, and his great-grand-daughter; the female, though a perfect beauty, I shall pass by, and only speak of the reverend Nestor as he stood gracefully before me. He was a nice clean old man, upright as a dart, with a small wicker basket on his arm covered with a white cloth, containing a present for the lady of the hotel; after some conversation, he told me his name was Arnold, that he was 105 years of age, and his wife who was in as good health as himself 102; that he lived at Brixton-Court-House, in that neighbourhood, where were to be seen, five generations, the youngest of these had only been born five months, and of all which he was the fountain. He told me he had lived to see many changes in the form of the island; that fields he had ploughed when a boy, were now covered by the sea; while on the other side, where its tide had flowed, were fields for cultivation.

O! changeful nature, wanton to surprise,
Where spread the vale, now lofty mountains rise;
Where once old Neptune led his finny train,
Now whistles o'er the land, the lab'ring swain;
The kine at eve lay down their limbs to rest,
And the sweet lark at morn salutes the nest;
Where, low engulph'd, the bittern hid from sight,
Now springs the daisy, and the king-cup bright.
Can'st thou, proud man, these changes comprehend?
Go, change thyself; and be that change to mend.

I requested the kind patriarch to sit and refresh himself with a glass of brandy after his long walk; but he shook his head with a smile, and answered, he had never used himself to take artificial fire, of course found himself in no want of such

such refreshment; but he would not refuse a cup of good ale, for such only had been his beverage from the first dawn of manhood. Mr. Arnold is six feet high, with a fine open countenance, cheerful and ruddy; his arms are sinewy and active, his voice strong and clear, and his reason in all respects, perfect. Three things he is most remarkable for—he never knew but one wife, although he had been her husband four-score years; he had never been over-land, *i. e.* out of the island, nor had he had the small pox, or any other disease; to be brief, the appearance and tale of this man called to my recollection, the well adapted speech Shakespear puts in the mouth of Old Adam, when he requests to follow his young master, the son of Sir Rowland.

........Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo,
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.—

I most sincerely wish that many of my London friends might tear a leaf from old Arnold's book, I think I should be happy in their society, to a longer period than their present attachments seem to augur.

If the pencil of the inimitable Denner had been employed on the faces of this sweet girl and her reverend progenitor, the arts had acquired two of the finest subjects for study in the universe; the drunkard might have contemplated the rewards of sobriety and chastity, and the politician exclaimed with rapture, behold the true source of population, without which, no king can be mighty, and no country cultivated and happy!

FARM AT FRESHWATER.

A very intelligent farmer, with whom I had spent the preceding evening, gave me the invitation, and I promised to visit him at his peaceful cottage, near Freshwater: to that end I left my inn, crossed the mouth of the river Yar, and proceeded in pleasing solitude up its winding banks, and after a walk of something more than an hour, came in sight of the venerable church, for which this place has been so often noticed by the antiquary. The farmer was at home, he expected my coming, and had spread his refreshment in the most ample manner; however, the mind of the Rambler was more to be gratified than his corporeal appetite; we quickly set out to traverse the farm together, and I was soon made acquainted with every acre, the crop it seemed burdened with, its probable produce, and some novel modes of cultivation the farmer had adopted, with the several good examples he had set for his less informed neighbours to follow. Among other things, he told me the place was abundantly stocked with game; that the hares were the largest and finest flavoured in the country; that the pheasants were indeed but few, and only came there in the day to feed, returning always at night to the Worsley covers, in the park of Appuldercombe; that he had a warren plentifully stocked with the silver grey, and the pied coney; in short he knew of no spot in Hampshire, where the gentleman sportsman could find more pleasure, or better accommodation, than with the yeomanry of Freshwater, all of which I had not the smallest reason to doubt; and with my communicative friend pursued my ramble, till I had made myself acquainted with the soil, and the various produce in the

the pleasant neighbourhood of the Needles. The shores here are remarkable for a great variety of clays, and for pits of a singular kind of silver sand, of which vast quantities are exported to London and Bristol, to improve that kind of glass manufacture, the value of which is heightened by its transparency. The copper stone is also collected here in great plenty, and sent by vessels to the smelting offices in the metropolis; beside a wonderful variety of sea-shells, marine weeds of the most pleasing ramifications are found; the botanist may here improve his herbal, and the conchologist his cabinet of rarities. Upon the high grounds, the views are diversified in the most agreeable manner; there is one to the west, which, perfectly to delineate, would tire the tongue of description; the eye is imperceptibly drawn from one object to another, till it is abruptly stopped by the old Castle of Corfe, romantically breaking the line of the horison, and stopping the progress of vision. Turning eastward, the scene becomes equally interesting; you have almost at one view the whole rake of the island, through a deep and wide valley, bound on each side by a chain of ever-green hills, forming altogether a most capacious and natural theatre. The trees in this expansion have but one direction, and that to the eastward, attributed to the western gales, which during their long prevalence drive up the valley, and keep the branches, while vegitating, to one inclination. Respecting these hills or downs, as they are called by the inhabitants, they are twenty in number, and are thus described by Mr. R. Judd, a poet and schoolmaster of Newport—

The Isle of Wight has twenty hills,
Rich in pasture, cattle, mills;
Bambridge, Brading, Ashy, Pan,
Messly, Georges, Arrertan,
Afton, Sharcombe, Brixton, Week,
Where maidens shew the ruddy cheek;
Gatcombe, Bowcombe, Gilliberry,
Swainston, fam'd for ale and perry;
Shanklin, Boniface, and Jay,
Appuldercombe, with park so gay.
Freshwater clifts, and Catherin's hill,
Whose sides a thousand streams distil;
These are our twenty downs so high,
The brightest, sure, beneath the sky,
Still fam'd for flocks and wholesome air,
Where, Britain, have you downs so rare?

Upon our return to the farm, the farmer shewed me his cabinet of marine shells, which he had himself been years in collecting along the shores between the Wight and Lands End; though they were all of great beauty and prettily arranged, there was one more beautiful than the rest, and seemed to be the greater favourite: he told me it was caught by a fisherman of Pool, about a league to the southward of that harbour, a circumstance very uncommon, if the history of this aquatic may be credited.

THE NAUTILUS.

This shell, the capacity of which is something more than a pint, is remarkably thin and of a yellow complexion, with several crimson tints on the ribs. The fish which resides in it is of a tender substance; nature has furnished him with a sail, which he knows how to expand when disposed to be driven across the water by the wind; two of his long feet serve for a helm to direct his course, either in veering or in sailing before the breeze; but if overtaken by a calm, he exerts all his eight feet instead of oars. As soon as he is apprehensive of danger, he draws in his whole body, bends down his mouth, fills the shell with water, and sinks with great ease to the bottom. How

ever, he is sometimes caught by active fishermen, who row softly behind him and intercept him with their nets.

"Who taught the Nautilus to spread
his sail,
To steer his bark and catch the softer
gale?"
The answer's plain, and must occur to
Pope—
He who taught man to cheer his way
with hope;
The friend who bids us smile at evils
past,
Who leads us on, nor leaves us at the
last.

The fish being loose in the shell, very easily slips out and in; in that case, the fishermen think it fortunate to find the floating shell, before it be tossed by the wind and dashed against the rocks.

The people of Amboina think it a fortunate omen to catch these shells; they preserve them among their most precious rarities, and never expose them to view except on festivals, or other public solemnities. The female who represents the first dancer, in those public dances called Lego! Lego! carries one of these shells erect in her hand. The Nautilus was also in high estimation by the ancients. Aristotle celebrates it by the names of Nautilus, Pompilus, and Argonaut; the largest ever seen was a foot long, and is preserved in the cabinet of the great Duke of Tuscany: Bonanini reports that he is sometimes caught in the Adriatic Sea, and in the Gulph of Venice; they are sometimes seen off the coast of Portugal, and in the Mediterranian; but I believe this is the first Nautilus ever known to be caught off the shores of Britain. After many civilities from the communicative farmer, I took my leave; and, with my faithful dog tray, bent once more towards the Solant.

When I returned this morning from my ramble, I sat down in the bar to take my dinner with Mrs. Stevens, and perceiving her exceedingly melancholy and much less communicative than before, I requested to know the cause of her taciturnity: she told me she had not experienced any good luck since the black gentleman entered her inn; not that she had any reason to be dissatisfied with his want of liberality, for he paid his way like a prince, and was greatly esteemed by her best parlour company; but there was a cause, and for which she should be happy to get rid of him. I begged of her for God's sake to let me into the mistery: she told me she had found a paper in his chamber and had shown it to the curate, with whom he, Mr. Holcar, could never agree in conversation; and that he told her, after reading the contents, the writer was an infidel heathen, and that very little good was to be derived from his acquaintance; all which she verily believed, for there had been a *spell* set upon her from the first moment she received him into her house. "I did but leave my gate open on the Monday night," continued Mrs. S. "when a band of smugglers came over and bagged all my poultry; on Tuesday I had a ewe died in the yeaning, and on Wednesday, a fine sow in the farrowing; on Thursday, I let a gelding that cost me twenty pounds to an over-land man, and have not since heard of the horse or the rider; on Friday, I lost my purse, and the next day a strange cat came in and killed the lark that used to sing me up so prettily in the morning." I told her, to be sure, she had made a pretty week's work of it, but requested to know, if she had acted with more caution, whether these things might not have been

been prevented; and that, with all reverence due to the parson, I could not see how her misfortunes could be any way attributable to her visitor, but that they wholly originated with herself; that, had she kept her gates properly shut, she might still have had her poultry; and had she not lent the horse to a stranger, she might have still had it for the use of her friends; that the death of her sow and her ewe were but common occurrences, to which all persons were liable; and as to the loss of her purse and her skylark, her own carelessness was the only cause to which these things were imputable.

After these observations, I begged permission to see the paper, and Mrs. S. instantly put into my hand the following

FRAGMENT.

"All we see, all we hear, testify his existence and his wisdom.—When we find ourselves inclined to prove his omnipotence, we know not where to begin, we are bewildered in the attempt; every thing alike testifies his greatness and his unbounded goodness.—His pre-science in the formation of the human *caput* has often inspired me with grateful sentiments; this I conceive is of all others the most wonderful for our admiration: in the centre, why gave he the nose, but to be a centinel to the mouth, the grand gate to life and death? Whatever we lift to enter there, this feature examines its qualities, and if the thing meets not its approbation, the hand turns it away. Why has he given the salival glands, but to distil that aqueous material which helps digestion, and gives continual nourishment to the stomach? Why, after the fatigues of the day, when we lay ourselves down to rest, does he give us an oleose comfort to refresh the eye; and why at the rising does he give us a salt tear to wash it away? For this plain reason, simple water will not discharge the former, but salt and water will. Why does he guard the portal of the ear with a waxy substance? But why do I ask these questions, when his attention to his creatures is so manifest? Why then do we offend him, and render ourselves unworthy of his goodness by our actions towards him."

I returned the fragment to Mrs. S. and told her there was nothing to justify the curate's assertion or her own superstitious fears; that there was neither treason nor blasphemy in the contents, and advised her to replace the gentleman's paper where she found it; that on her side it savoured of inhospitality to expose the secret concerns of her visitor; and that the signs and tokens, and the spells she talked of, were merely the brats of her own silly brain, which she had better attend to less, and more to the comforts and accommodation of her customers. Mrs. S. seemed to regret that she had ever exposed the writing, and determined to place it immediately where she took it up: but this resolution was too late, for our wandering Asiatic, upon receiving certain incivilities, paid his bill, and had left the inn, and word with the waiter, that he hoped to meet me on some future day, as he meant to pursue the same tract I had informed him it was my intention to perambulate.

OMINOUS PRESAGEMENTS.

Notwithstanding men of the strongest nerve, and of the most refined intellect, have entertained an implicit belief in ominous presagements, I am of opinion that all such superstition is engendered of fear and folly, and of no other parent whatever;

ever; because it is always at variance with probability, and without one rational hold to lean on. Of fear, because in all natural events there are causes for effects; but with superstition, effects are produced without any self-evident cause. The truth of this position we may every day find exemplified among the elderly females of our own acquaintance, who affright themselves with images of their own fancy, vapours of the brain, that have no other claim upon our attention than to excite mirth or ridicule.—

When the moon has hid her face
Behind the rising gloomy cloud,
And scarce a star the eye can trace,
And adverse winds blow strong and loud,
Who can hear the frightful owl
Screaming to the fleeting ghost,
Or the watch-dog bark and howl,
Dismal, at his nightly post?

Who can see the taper's light
Burning sad, and tipp'd with blue,
While the death-watch ticks by night?
Dreadful omen!—ever true!
Who can bear the witch-lights near,
Or hear the murky church-yard's groan,
And not, like me, resign to fear,
Must have a heart as hard as stone.

Of this complexion was my good landlady of the Bugle; she believed that death followed the ticking of the spider in the wall, and if a winding sheet appeared in the taper—O dear!—she would tremble for the whole evening like the leaf of the aspen disturbed by the wind: and yet this child of such imbecile parents, however we may laugh at it, has had the power in all parts of the world, and at all periods of time, to work the greatest miracles. It was this kind of superstition that led the noble youth Curtius to leap into the mouth of the fiery gulph in the Forum. It was this set Mahomet up for a prophet, and made three English divines subscribe to the reality of a Cock-lane ghost. It has also overturned mighty armies, dethroned sovereign princes, and brought about in church and state the greatest revolutions. And alas! it was this foolish superstition that deprived me suddenly of the company of one of the best and most pleasant gentlemen my conversation ever encountered.

The less polished part of the evening company at Mrs. S.'s had reflected with indecency upon the colour and country of Holcar; and their ridicule being joined by one whose gown and religion should have taught him humanity, together with the conduct of the landlady, at all times an echo of the latter, the black gentleman quitted the inn—*sans ceremonie*—exceedingly disgusted with the reception he had met with from prejudice and superstition.

To insult or ridicule a man for acquired habits may be justifiable, but to reflect on him for his colour or his birth-place, is mean and scandalous. What difference is there between the white and the black man? If we look this fairly in the face, I believe very little but in the complexion.—The black man is the image of his creator cut in ebony, and the white in a fairer material. When will men learn to be wise, and do away partial distinctions!

The effects of ominous presagements are by no means confined to the western parts of Britain; if we may credit Mr. Pennant, they equally predominate in the north. The Scots, who are justly esteemed a wise penetrating people, believe as much in these things as their neighbours? and, although they discredit the winding sheet, the death watch,

watch, and the blue burning flame of the candle, they have a superstition equally absurd in Ilay, where, if two young men pay their addresses to the same female, who gives the preference to one, the unsuccessful lover revenges himself, as he conceives, on his rival, by taking three threads of different colours, tying three knots on each, and thrice imprecating the most cruel disappointments on the bridal night as he casts this spell in the kirk way, which, if discovered time enough, can only be averted by giving a small sum to the priest.

The manner I shall better exemplify in a Caledonian pastoral, called "The Schelling Sarcnet;" for which see our poetical department.

The moon had a thousand charms, and the stillness of the evening, with the song of the nightingale, tempted me to leave Yarmouth; and having retraced the way I came, returned to my lodging at the Bugle in Newport, about the hour Prudence seeks her pillow.

T. N.

INEXPRESSIBLES AND SMALL-CLOTHES.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

SPORT-LOVING GENTLEMEN,

TO trace the source and rise of various words and discoveries in the necessary, useful, and speculatory arts and sciences, may, and doubtless will appear an unamusing and useless investigation; yet, as such investigations are curious, they seldom fail of amusing and pleasing some minds. It is not, however, my present design to attempt so arduous a task, save only in one or two particulars, which at present strikes my fancy as worthy of some remarks.

Give me leave, Messrs. Editors, to observe, in the first place, that very many names or words have had their rise, use, proper department, and established signification long before the most distant ideas were conceived of those inventions, things, and discoveries, to which they have been since applied as significant terms, and that frequently with but little, and sometimes without any variation.

This application of original words to new discoveries, modes, and customs, seems to be occasioned from something in them that is analogous and similar to the original signification of the adopted words, and therefore such words are applied as proper terms to distinguish and fix the ideas and meaning of these new discoveries, inventions, arts, customs, &c. Having made this remark, I proceed to the object of the present essay.

Every man will readily concur in the opinion, that the word breach was long in use and well-known before that part of men's present apparel, called breeches, were invented or even thought of; for whoever has any tolerable notions of antiquity, the form and manner of clothing the human frame then, cannot but know that the early generations wore no other clothing than the rough and undressed skins of the beasts which they took in hunting, which were tied round their shoulders and middle. In process of time, wool was spun, knitted, and wove into some kinds of garments, for covering the different parts of the body. A loose, round, hanging dress, something like a short petticoat, was made for the middle, which we may call a thigh-coat, for

for it reached no lower than the knees.—Yet even then, nay, before then, the word breach was generally known.—Different clans had their different boundaries and jurisdictions; they had small towns, and rough, but strong, walled cities; they had their differences and disagreements, they fought, and some were conquered; they had their arts, and means of making an opening in the walls of a city, and that opening they called a *breach*, from which term the appellation, breeches, at their commencement was derived.

At what point or period of time that part of men's present apparel, called their breeches, was discovered or invented, is difficult to determine, and useless to inquire after. Let it suffice to say, that they were probably owing to some fortuitous circumstance, and that neither man nor woman ever had a thought of them till chance, by some sudden accident, gave to men an idea of breeches. It may be supposed that some accident made a division directly through a poor man's thigh-coat, and who had not another to put on in its place; but having a notable and ingenious woman for his wife, clever and adroit at helping a man in any distress or difficulty; and she, seeing her good man's misfortune, set her invention at work to help him in the best manner their condition would admit.—As soon as her good man was laid down to rest, she took the wounded thigh-coat to repair, but having no materials either of its own or of a different kind to make good the breach, she folded in the sides of the divisions, and sewed them strongly together, and laid it at her good man's side, saying—"My dear lord and master,"—for women in those days were very submissive, obedient, and affectionate—"I have repaired your thigh-coat as well as it was possible for me to do; but in the morning, my lord, you must, instead of putting it over your head and sliding it downwards, put in one foot and leg, then the other, and draw it upwards to its place.—I could repair it in no other manner, but I hope my lord will be able to shift with it till we can work and get you a new one.

The morning came, and the poor man did according as his wife had said, and went about his daily business.—Every body admired the change made in his thigh-coat, and commended his wife's ingenuity and industry.—The breach in the thigh-coat was a novel sight, and many said that the plan, properly methodized, would be very convenient, as more secure against piercing winds, and better adapted to horsemanship; that the fashion would shew men more to advantage, and be a better guard to the virtuous and modest, because less liable to accidental movements. Many, therefore, set about bringing such a mode into general use, ordered their thigh-coats to be made up with a breach in the centre, which the tailors or garment-makers did, and thence called those garments *breeches*.

At the above change in men's attire, the prudes and stanch sticklers for old fashions and customs, made loud complaints—as no doubt many of the would-be-thought-wise cavillers did at the first invention and use of the plough—but in vain, for discoveries and inventions of much general utility and convenience will ever make their way through all the opposition of ignorance, and spread over all nations in every civilized part of the world, as the custom of wearing breeches of various qualities,

ties, shades, and textures, has already done.

Having fully and clearly shewn the antiquity of the word breach, and evidently demonstrated, that the general and well-known appellation, breeches, is derived from it, and that with great propriety, I now proceed to observe, that this significant appellation — notwithstanding its pure and modest originality—is in imminent danger of being lost to the republic of letters, through the unaccountable prevalence and influence of Mrs. Fashion, who has capriciously and ridiculously introduced several new phrases to distinguish and advertise the breeches; and has had the art to persuade the public that these new phrases are elegant, modest, and delicate modes of expressing what their forefathers and mothers understood by the word breeches.—They, good, venerable, and pious souls, blushed not at saying " the breeches;" yet we must, and well may affirm, that our ancestors, males as well as females, were as modestly, and virtuously, if not as elegantly and delicately educated, as the modern generations of men, and as irreprehensible in their words and conduct.—Yet the modern phrases, inexpressibles and small-clothes, were never used by them: probably they were totally unknown; at least, those new-applied phrases were never used to signify, the breeches, which word the most virtuous and modest matron was not ashamed to utter in the days of good Queen Elizabeth.—Is virtue, chastity, and genuine modesty more conspicuous in the present days than in those?—I leave you, Mess. Editors, to answer that question, and shall frankly, though with sorrow and confusion, own, that several of my relatives are deeply infected with the above capricious innovations, and absurd elegancies of Mrs. Fashion.

There is my dear, sweet, elegant, delicate, and sentimental niece, Prudentia, she has invariably been a constant admirer and observer of the word or phrase, inexpressibles; she has even blushed up to her eyes at my familiarly using the word breeches, and has several times chid my girls on that account.—And yet, notwithstanding all this delicacy and modesty, refinement and sentiment, my dear niece Prudentia was not long since missing about midnight, at which time my brother was much alarmed at a confounded noise in his daughter's room. He went to see what was the matter—the door stood ajar, out bolted the cat, down fell the lamp from his hand—he swore and raved like a madman—the whole house was alarmed—mistress and maids came running to him without shoe or stocking, with only a single petticoat tucked about them, but Mr. John was missing. Bethinking himself how unavailing his raving was, he set out post-haste in pursuit of the fugitives, made inquiries, and gained good intelligence. The scent lies breast high, said he, I shall soon run the game a-ground, and I will uncastle it were it at the centre. He kept the tract invariably, and was nearly in at the conclusion of the second stage.—The landlady denied the fugitives: " Old girl," said my brother, " I'll have no prevarication—shew me to them instantly, or I'll send you to the devil." He was then taken to their room, where, upon opening the door, he saw his dear daughter seated upon the left division of the inexpressible, and her head languishingly laid in the bosom of his cup-bearer, the modest Mr. John.

There was at that time in the town a recruiting party.—How it was I do not know, but it so fell out, that the serjeant took a mighty liking to Mr. John, as an active clever fellow for sea-service, and my brother returned triumphantly with the sentimental Prudentia, and arrived the same evening at Dashaway Place.

The consequence of this sentimental excursion, however, did not terminate here. The violence of my brother's passions, his great exertions, the extreme agitation of his mind, had so inflamed his blood, that he was seized in the night with a high fever, which for several days threatened his life; he, however, weathered the storm, and soon recovered, which recovery was solely owing to the soundness of his constitution; his fountain of existence was pure, having always been kept in due circulation by agricultural pursuits and the sports of the field. Having come to his right senses, he despatched Prudentia to me, with an account of his health, &c.

I had expected nothing less than that, whenever I should again see Prudentia, I should see her in an *inexpressible* state of confusion, but, to my inexpressible astonishment, I saw in her neither remorse nor shame.—I thought that I could on this occasion do no less than congratulate my niece on her very timely and fortunate escape from so imminent a danger. "Dear aunt," said she, "you have no idea either of the ground-work or superstructure of the affair. Mr. John, though he was only a servant in our family, has mental qualifications and abilities, and an education and sentiments that entitle him to the appellation of the gentleman; nor is his parentage any disgrace to himself, and the forming an alliance with him would be no disparagement to the first personages in the kingdom." Here my pretty niece fetched a deep sigh, put on a soft and languishing look, and was silent.

"You must pardon me, my dear," said I, "for seeing your Ganymede in a light less favourable, but there is a wide difference between us.—I have always seen Mr. John's accomplishments and perfections with the eyes of common sense, but you have taken his portraiture in a sentimental point of view. I suppose, niece, you have never in your life heard or known Mr. John ever to have been so indelicate and rude as to utter the word, breeches—Come, my dear, do not look grave, do not despair, this affair will be forgotten in time, and you may be united in wedlock to a real gentleman, to a man, who is no disgrace to the breeches. There is comfort for you, you slut, as Peachum says to Polly.

By this time, Messrs. Editors, I fancy you are ready to exclaim—"This old woman will never have done with her story;" therefore, to give you a breathing time, I shall conclude my letter, and refer my remarks and observations on small-cloths, for another epistle, and remain Messrs. Editors, in the mean while, Your's, &c.

ELIZ. HEARTY.

THE

PAINTER AND PARTRIDGE.

SOME of the daily prints inform us, that a white partridge was lately shot by a gentleman in Sussex; and add, that this is the first instance of a white partridge having been seen in this kingdom. This is a mistake; for about the year 1765 one

one was shot by a Mr. Rogers, of Meole, in Shropshire, and being sent to London, was given to the late Mr. Pugh, to make a painting of it. —Mr. Pugh was a painter, and a good painter, but Mr. Pugh was not a sportsman, he therefore painted a large old oak, and ingeniously placed the white partridge on one of the branches. When told that partridges always sat on the ground, he said " that might be, but it looked so much the more picturesque to have a landscape in the back ground that he would not alter it, for an extraordinary bird ought to have an extraordinary situation; it exalted him above his fellows." This was the poetical licence of a painter.

LONG PEDIGREE, GEORGE SELWYN, &c.

WHEN this facetious character was among the number of Wits who visited Lady ——, he always appeared highly delighted with the melody of the Hibernian accent; and on a particular occasion told Lady ——, that he would endeavour to obtain for her the important office of Irish Preceptress to the younger branches of the royal family. This pleased Lady ——, and she inquired if the Queen spoke Irish! George replied, and in his usual manner—" Indeed, my Lady, the Queen's education has in this instance been sadly deficient. I do not think she is in the least acquainted with the language of Milesus. Her Majesty speaks French, Madam, as correctly as the most polished native of the Gallic Metropolis; but I never heard her utter one word of Irish. It is certainly a strange taste that prefers frogs to Adam's Nonapriel, a Potatoe!"

George of course became a great favourite; but one day a melancholy event occurred, and he was from thence doomed to banishment. The circumstance that gave rise to this unexpected revolution, we shall faithfully detail, as the matter was erroneously stated in the fashionable circles of the day.

The wit was invited to dine at Sir ——'s on a particular occasion and to meet a select number of his friends. After dinner, George having heard that nothing pleased Lady —— so much as to give her an opportunity of exhibiting the family pedigree, began to explain the antiquity of the House of Austria, and concluded by observing that he considered the Imperial Family as the most illustrious in the world! This her Ladyship could not endure; and turning to Mr. Selwyn, with an air expressive of resentment, told him he was mistaken, and that she would soon convince him of his error. Her Ladyship then withdrew, but in a few minutes returned with a sheet of vellum. This she spread upon the table with due solemnity, and then addressing the Wit, desired he would examine her pedigree with attention. " There, Sir, is the Tree! —The Trunk is descriptive of the founder, and the branches will shew you, in succession, his descendants, lawfully begotten. You find that in the reign of King Romulus, I had an ancestor, Phelim Shoony O'Brallaghan, who at that period acted as his Majesty's chief counsellor. He had several children, Sir, as this pedigree demonstrates: but their issue, you perceive, went and settled in Carthage. During the first Punic war, pray, Sir, observe, the whole of the family quitted Africa, and accompanied Milesus to the shores of Ierna. Now, Sir, attend to what follows.—It is from them, you find, all

all the Milesian Kings are lineally descended. From them sprung the O'Gallaghers, the O'Shoughnaseys, the O'Brallaghans, the O'Donavans, the O'Sheelans, the O'Rileys, the O'Briens, and the Bullguggers; this last family, Sir, is extinct; and so you may trace the whole, until you find my grandfather settled at the sweet town of Drogheda, in the county of Lowth.

After a complete elucidation of her Ladyship's genealogy, she sat down, and, directing a look at George indicative of contempt, asked him—What do you now think, Sir, of the House of Austria?—"Madam," replied the Wit, "I am both astonished and convicted; but, my dear Lady, you have not told us which of your ancestors introduced the brogue into Ireland."—"Brogue?" exclaimed her Ladyship, in a rage—"Brogue, Sir!—Mr. Selwyn, I never desire to hear any more of your *bon mots*.—You are not the gentleman I took you for; and as that is the case, your future visits at this house, Sir, will be dispensed with." Having expressed this last sentence with an indignant emphasis, her Ladyship and the pedigree withdrew. From that hour Lady —— never would be at home when Selwyn called, and thus finished their acquaintance.

The Baronet, who enjoyed the harmless follies of his Lady as much as any of his friends, met with an unlucky accident as he was returning from a fox chase, which in a few months terminated his existence, in the ninth year of his marriage.

Some months previous to his demise, he made a will, in which he bequeathed to his Lady a competent provision during her life. They had two children, both girls, but neither lived to attain their seventh year.

Lady —— now lives retired at the village of —— in the county of Devon, much respected and beloved; she has no other foible than that of an unconquerable desire to exhibit her pedigree wherever she goes, and frequently at these moments will express an undiminished resentment against George Selwyn, and a most ineffable contempt for the House of Austria.

FIVE MILES OFF; OR, THE FINGER POST.

Colman's Theatre, June 9.

THIS new comedy, in three acts, from the Pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, was introduced by a Prologue, extremely well delivered by Fawcett, which deprecated the aukward cutting of the Butcher in criticism, but professed a cheerful submission to the amputation of the skilful and experienced surgeon.—The following were the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Edward Frankland	Mr. Rae.
Lawrence Luckless	Mr. Decamp.
Firebrand Flail	Mr. Chapman.
Sordid	Mr. Grove.
Mr. Kalendar	Mr. Fawcett.
Solomon Flourish	Mr. Liston.
John Spriggins	Mr. Mathews.
O'Gimlet	Mr. Denman.
Mary	Mrs. Mathews.
Jenny	Mrs. Gibbs.
Laura	Miss Tyrer.
Prudence Flail	Mrs. Whitmore.

Footpad, Servants, &c.

THE FABLE

is whimsical and complex. Edward Frankland is defrauded both out of his fortune and his mistress, by Old Sordid, who had been his father's steward, and who wishes his illegitimate son, Lawrence Luckless, whom he had never seen, to marry the daughter of Firebrand Flail, formerly betrothed to Edward. In his

way

way to Harvest Hall, the residence of Farmer Flail, Old Sordid loses his way in a forest, where he hides the deeds of the Frankland Estate; and being misled by a vertical finger-post, which an Irish carpenter had erected, pursues an opposite route, and is robbed by a footpad, who, to avoid detection, returns and hangs the great coat, in which he had committed the theft, upon the eventful finger-post. The unfortunate garb is found by Lawrence Luckless, and being recognized by Sordid, much equivoque ensues, before the explanation of their affinity is divulged. Edward Frankland, in despair at the loss of his mistress, petitions the inexorable Farmer Flail, who knowing the distressed circumstances of the youth, promises him the hand of his daughter Mary, if, by the next morning, he can produce a snug freehold house to receive her. In this dilemma, Kalendar, a benevolent humourist, devoted to the study of the stars, conceives the odd project of carrying an old billiard room to the forest, near the memorable finger-post, and converting it into a tenantable mansion: in the course of their operations, the deeds of the Frankland Estate are found, and Flail, allowing the condition he had imposed to be fulfilled, bestows both his daughter and the recovered estate upon the enraptured Edward.

This comedy was plentifully besprinkled with all the peculiarities of Mr. Dibdin's Muse, and exhibited a lively and amusing collection of eccentric puns, sometimes new, and sometimes old—humourous sentiments—and comic, though improbable, situations. We are apprehensive that Mr. Dibdin has rendered himself amenable to the society for the suppression of vice, by the introduction of a footpad, who is brought before the audience under circumstances rather calculated to provoke mirth than excite reproof.

The principal strength of the piece is exerted in the character of Kalendar, who is a sort of Caleb Quot'em, with his brain stuffed full of almanacks, orreries, telescopes, horoscopes, barometers, thermometers, &c. This diverting humourist gives an account of his mode of amusement throughout the year, in which the following points were most applauded—"In April, I play the fool; in May, I dance with the chimney sweeps; and, in June, I drink the King's health." When a lady looks at him, he observes—"that she ogles with her northern lights;" and complains—"that he cannot cast a female nativity, because women never confess their age!" This strange compound was most admirably personated by Fawcett, to whose exertions the success of the comedy is principally attributable—Mr. Rae is too stiff and methodical for familiar scenes—Liston, as a rustic quaker, sang a ludicrous air with much drollery—Mathews gave a good portrait of the simple John Spriggins—Chapman, in the rough farmer, was energetic and impressive—Groves, Decamp, and Denman, were highly meritorious—The part of Mary, though feebly delineated by the author, was rendered interesting by the delicacy and taste of Mrs. Mathews—Miss Tyrer was only introduced for the purpose of warbling a very pleasing song, composed by Reeve, and well calculated to display the melody and compass of her voice—The excellence of Mrs. Gibbs in parts of rural simplicity, was clearly exemplified by her bewitching *naïveté* in Jenny—Mrs. Powell, in Miss Prudence, was a good representative of the antiquated spinster.

The

The Epilogue was distinguished for several laughable points, and was well delivered in character by Fawcett, Liston, Mathews, and Mrs. Gibbs. In the first act, some slight disapprobation was manifested; but in the progression of the piece, the admirers of risibility were completely triumphant over the votaries of gravity; and the repetition of the comedy, announced by Fawcett, was received with the loud, and in more senses than one, the warm acclamations of a numerous auditory.

TIMOTHY ON TIPTOE;

OR

THE LUCKY ADVENTURER.

MR. EDITOR.

I AM, you must know, a physician in the city, where I have practised for near half a century, and intend to give you some notion of my practice in a very obstinate case. One of my last patients was Mr. Timothy Buck, aged 24, who was apprentice and lately a journeyman to an eminent mercer on Ludgate Hill. This young man was seized, during the drawing of a late lottery, with a fit of upstart greatness. He had been fatigued all day, with carrying out parcels, and on retiring to his chamber, found a prescription lying on his table, of which this is an exact copy.

"SIR,

"We are happy to inform you, that, your number came up this day a prize of £5000.

We are, your's &c.

GOODLUCK AND CO."

"*To Timothy Buck, Esq.*

My friend Tim's constitution was too weak for such a dose. It threw him immediately into a fit of starting, jumping, singing, cursing, and swearing, and though he was universally known to be a d—n'd modest fellow, he attempted to offer violence to the servant girl, that very evening. He said he would take her into keeping—"Lord," says she, "you take me into keeping! where is the four-and-ninepence I lent you last Sunday, to go to Bagnigge-Wells? keeping quoth'a!" Next morning, Tim lost the use of his legs, and was obliged to have a hackney-coach to carry him to the office, where he received his full dose. His disorder, in consequence of this, became very violent, for it changed every part of his disposition; and a girl, a whiskey, a gig-mare, and a black-boy, followed each other as cause and effect. He now moved in a sphere hitherto unknown to him—took lodgings in Bond-street, lay in bed till twelve, and sat up till six next morning: for it was an established maxim with him, to add to the night, what he took from the day. The thoughts of the city were odious—"No, a city-ball, or a Lord Mayor's feast, may do for once, because one may *ba-diner* a little with the girls, or cuckold an Alderman, you know; else, I know not what they are good for—there is so much vulgarity; such Islington looks, and Clapham chastity; so little of the *haut-ton!* d—me, the city's a bore, quite a bore, 'pon'onner."

It was but lately I fell in with Tim; when in good health he used to take a pint of Whitbread's entire at our round table in Cornhill; but having left off the custom, we had almost forgot him, when one night last month, he paid us a visit, that he might not be thought proud; having

having walked all the way on foot from Mr. Cash'em's his banker, to the Wool-pack, which is about 109 yards nearly. We were all glad to see him, not thinking of his disorder.——"So Tim, how do you—where have you been this age? waiter, bring Mr. Buck a pint of porter, and tobacco."—"No, no, hold Dr. Celsusissimus, I thank you; no, waiter, bring me a bottle of claret."—"Sir, we do not keep wine"—"Don't you? then you may go and be d—n'd! 'Ope you are well, Doctor?"—"Why, indifferent, Tim, but you seem to have changed your liquor with a vengeance."—"Ees, ees, I have changed it to be sure; I was always d—d fond of champagne; ees, it is my favourite; but I am positively advised to use claret, as more convenient for my stomach; 'sides you must know I have certain reasons, not quite sound; a d—d affair; you take me."—"O! ho! what, the little squinting wench in the Old Change?"—"Squinting wench! no, no, you do squib a little now; no, she lives in Marybone."—"Marybone! that's a great way off, has your master much business there?"—"Business! business! Sir, business! d—me Sir, how do you mean? Do you affront me so far as to suppose I have any business where I go? No, Sir, in St. James's we have no business. Business! d—me the very name's an emetic. Business may do, Sir, in Farringdon Without, or Within, but gentlemen of *goût*, the men of the *rage*, are above it; d—me, Sir, I would not go to the temple of Cloacina, if I thought any sneaking plodding cit had been there before me."

I stared at this most tremendous harrangue, and like Milton's devil,

'............ grinn'd horribly,
'A ghastly smile."

"Pray, Sir," said I, "are you my friend Timothy Buck of Ludgate Hill?"—"My name is Buck, Sir." "Was not your father a journeyman baker from Aberdeen?"—"I am not accountable for my father's faults." "Was not you apprentice to Paul Prig, on Ludgate Hill?"—"'Ave not the honour of knowing the gentleman."—Nor ever had, I suppose, eh!"—"Ees, I have seen Mr. Prig, but if we people of rank did not forget city-acquaintances, there would be no living at all, at the west end of the town; but I must take myself off; this is a d—d vulgar place, where they keep no claret; besides, Lord Rook'em and I have an appointment at Brookes's: so adieu."

I now saw plainly what his disorder was, but it was impossible to cure it altogether, and I determined to wait till a crisis should come. Meantime, it was proper to abate the violence of particular symptoms. He was seized with the *cacoethes scribendi*, which produced a most terrible tragedy; the tragedy continued, with interruption, for two nights, when I was called in and effectually put a stop to it on the third, by a composition of oranges, half-eaten pippins, and the tongues of serpents. He complained after this, of a bad taste, and in a few weeks printing took place, and the tragedy was like to have returned, I ordered a strong dose of the acid of reviews, which griped him most cruelly, but by stopping the tragedy, it cured the *cacoethes*.

In the opera house, he generally raged very much; people indeed thought he was mad. The *Parisotmania*, seized him to such a degree, that he said he believed men and women were never intended to stand on both legs. He always in the theatre spoke louder than the players, leered to one, ogled to another, winked

winked to a favourite actress, in order to make it believed he had an affair with her. On coming out, he kicked his coachman for not drawing up before Lord Frizle's battered *vis a vis*; went to the royal hotel, bullied the waiters, broke some glasses, stept into a gaming house, lost a cool hundred, d—d his stars, offered to challenge Sir Charles Cogdie, and betted five hundred that the cooks name, Joseph, was spelt with a G. At length his disorder began to abate; some symptoms of weakness began to appear, and I observed some ugly spots called Creditors, not many in number, and threatening to break. In a short time after this, the mortal symptoms appeared; and last week after coming out of ——'s academy of play, he was seized by a tipstaff on the shoulder. This carried him off: he was buried the next week in the Bench, with this inscription—

" Here lies the body of Timothy Buck, Esq. who departed this life in the twenty fourth year of his age. He bore a lingering illness with great philosophy, and yielded up his spirit to him who gave it, in hopes of a speedy insolvency. His last words were " D—mn the dice, " and may the keepers of gaming " houses be hang'd."—Reader, go and do so likewise."

T. CELSUSISSIMUS.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

A few months since ~~ON the 21st of May,~~ as Captain Jones, of the Royal Flintshire Militia, quartered at Hythe, who had that morning accompanied the regiment to field-exercise, on the heights near Folkstone, was standing with several officers, near the edge of the cliff, the earth suddenly gave way, under him; in consequence of which, he was instantly precipitated to the distance of 28 yards, in an oblique direction from the top; but was most providentially stopped in his fall by a small abutment on the surface of the rock, against which his foot accidentally struck. In this dreadful situation he lay suspended, near a quarter of an hour, without daring to move, before any effectual assistance could be rendered him. Scarcely, however, had this distressing circumstance occurred, when Thomas Roberts, a private in the regiment, alarmed at the truly perilous condition of his officer, endeavoured, at the obvious risk of his own life, to extricate him; but unfortunately, in the attempt, literally fell from the top to the bottom of this tremendous precipice, being a distance of 549 feet, of which 261 feet were quite perpendicular. Providentially, the latter in his fall did not touch the Captain, who, anxious to save him, had already extended his hand to him, for that purpose. During this interval, a rope was expeditiously procured from the signal-house, and a noose being made at one end, it was lowered to the spot where Capt. J. lay; when he, with much difficulty, succeeded in fastening it round his body; and was thus gradually drawn up by the spectators, who still for some time doubted the possibility of rescuing him; however, at length, he happily escaped without having sustained any material injury.

The soldier, though terribly cut and bruised in the head and various parts of his body, was taken up alive, and without a single bone being fractured, on the beach near a large stone-quarry, and immediately conveyed to the regimental hospital, at Hythe; where, to the utter astonishment

ishment of every one, he is now able to walk about, and is declared by the surgeon of the regiment, to be out of all immediate danger.

The height of the cliff having since been accurately taken, by an officer of the regiment, is found, by actual admeasurement, to be as follows, viz.

	Yds.	Ft.
Oblique distance of Captain Jones's fall	28 or	84
Perpendicular height from the above point downwards	87 —	261
Remainder, again oblique, to the base	68 —	204
	183 or	549

ON THE

TREATMENT OF HORSES,

AND

VETERINARY SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent Scrutator appears to be actuated by the most humane motives. I perused his essay in your Number for May last with much pleasure; nevertheless he has, and past all doubt, undesignedly, given such an ambiguous turn to certain circumstances of no small importance, as may serve to mislead or confuse the minds of those readers who have not attained the advantage of a thorough acquaintance with the subject.

Nothing can be better grounded, or more commendable, than his strong reprobation of the execrable and villanous abuse of that most generous and indispensable animal, the horse, by a set of wretches whose profits arise from lancinating tortures, heart-rending miseries, and dying groans! The retribution required by this generous essayist on the hoary miscreant whose infernal and avaricious cruelty, in days of yore, sullied the plains of Newmarket with the blood of honest Dragon, is most just and appropriate. This inhuman sportsman is likewise deservedly stigmatized, and his memory consecrated to infamy, in Mr. Lawrance's work, the grand object of which is to inculcate just ideas of the feelings of brute animals; to discriminate, to prove that they cannot be excluded from the peal of justice, and to promote a general amelioration of their condition. Scrutator's introduction of the anecdote of Old Frampton induced me to turn to the work just mentioned, where I find the author has involved a part of his sentiments in the obscurity of asterisks, with which, after many attempts, I have at length found words to tally in number; whether they are precisely the same as the author intended, can only be guessed: but every reader of feeling will easily find proper words; and pity it is, that spectators had not been found on the spot, endued with proper resolutions. With respect to the other thick-headed and hard-hearted delinquents, mail-coachmen, post-boys, post-masters, and projectors, their deserts are very fairly stated by Scrutator.

If it were practicable, however, they should be made to suffer an adequate portion of the tortures they are accustomed to inflict, not from motives of passion or revenge, but from those of justice and edifying example, and from the necessity of their acquiring feeling by personal experiment. Much, however, is ultimately to be expected by the necessarily slow and gradual opera-

tion of humane and rational advice, and from the interference of the magistracy, which has been, in various instances, and may still be, legitimately exercised. It is consoling to reflect that some progress has been made in the career of practical humanity.

On the point of expeditious travelling, and our modern improvements therein, thus much may very fairly be urged:—English horses are capable of it, if in their prime, well selected, thoroughly sound, and high kept; and if the public are determined on the enjoyment of such an advantageous luxury, they ought to bear the full expence of it; and paying the full expence, they have the clearest right to their full moneys-worth of sound and able horses, capable of performing their arduous task with alacrity.—Now, if coach-masters and contractors are suffered to substitute poor, low-priced, and disabled horses, already torn to pieces by a former set of equally inhuman masters, the guilt and the apathy is extensive, and no little of the load must fall on the shoulders of an insensible and unreflecting public.

I can readily join Scrutator in paying a just tribute of applause to the original promoters of the Veterinary College, although that, like every other human project, must be attended with its disadvantages, as well as benefits. Of the former kind, is the facility with which people of all descriptions, provided they can raise the money, may in a short period be dubbed veterinary surgeons; and, with scarcely any other qualification than that afforded by the memory, in the acquisition of a list of scientific terms and phrases, be let loose upon the public to doctor their horses. An extraordinary instance of this kind occurred to my knowledge, wherein a man of the above description was put into an eminent place, and one requiring the first-rate veterinary talents. It ought, in all fairness, to be allowed, that such occurrences are not only the misfortunes of the college, but the vices and errors of the public, whose business it is to countenance only able men in their profession: and if a gentleman sportsman should know no better than to expect that a tailor or an exciseman, who never before guaged or measured a horse, could, by a few months' attendance at the college, become a great veterinary doctor, surely the college is not to be blamed.

Amongst the disadvantages may also be reckoned, the almost unreserved adoption of the system and practice of the French veterinary schools, and the diffusion of notions on the subject of tendinous lameness, to which our horses, from the severity of their work, are peculiarly liable, totally contrary to English experience. The truth is, it requires a practical knowledge of the living horse, as well as of the anatomy of the dead one; and an advance far beyond the precincts of the riding-school and parade, to understand well, and to detect the concealed maladies in the limbs, and to judge correctly of the merits and proper management of the animal. Now all this some of our numerous modern veterinarians have undertaken, on the very slender foundation of having acquired by rote the rules of French veterinary practice in an English version.—Nay, one or two of them have ventured, without probably ever having seen a horse in training in their lives, to instruct our Newmarket people in the management and method of riding their race-horses.

Scrutator

Scrutator ridicules the ancient routine of aloes, diapente, and grains of paradise; the indiscriminate use of bleeding, rowelling, and blistering; the cramming into wounds hard pieces of tow, and the insalubrity of hot, unventilated stables; not omitting to remind us of the inferiority of our forefathers in veterinary knowledge. But all this must be received with considerable caution, or a strange deception will be, or rather has been, the consequence. A most cautious, rational, and philosophical system of veterinary practice, has been promulgated by English writers of sterling ability more than fifty years; nor was the fault theirs, if such system was not more generally followed. Indeed, was new discovery the sole merit of the Veterinary College, it would not deserve the farther subscription of one single guinea, public or private. It deservedly enjoys the reputation of having diffused veterinary knowledge and practice to a greater extent than had taken place at any former period.

The essayist laments, that in certain late publications, the zeal of the writers has been excited by personal resentment. It has been often remarked, but perhaps not with due discrimination, that every veterinary writer sets out with abusing his predecessors. With respect to the writings of cow-doctors and farriers, their gross and illiterate ignorance, and their duplicity, have generally deserved even more than they have had of the severest reprehension: and if writers of another description have endeavoured to hoax and gull the public with sham pleas of originality, attempting to conceal their plagiarisms under reproaches even of those authors to whom they are most obliged, and who are far their superiors, they have well merited the chastisement they have received.

Scrutator Alter.

ANECDOTES CHARACTERISTIC OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

Extracted from Cumberland's Memoirs.

WHEN my father came down to Clonfert from Dublin, it was announced to O'Rourke, one of his labourers, that the bishop was arrived: the poor fellow was then in the act of lopping a tree in the garden; transported at the tidings, he exclaimed, "Is my lord come? Then I'll throw myself out of this same tree for joy."—He exactly fulfilled his word, and laid himself up for some months.

When I accompanied my mother from Clonfert to Dublin, we passed the night at Killbeggan, where Sir Tho. Cuffe, knighted in a frolic by Lord Townshend, kept the inn. A certain Mr. Geoghegan was extremely drunk, noisy, and brutally troublesome to Lady Cuffe, the hostess: Thos. O' Rourke was with us, and being much scandalized with the behaviour of Geoghegan, took me aside, and in a whisper said—"Squire, will I quiet this same Mr. Geoghegan?" When I replied "by all means, but how is it to be done?"—Tom produced a knife of formidable length, and demanded "haven't I got this? and won't this do the job? and hasn't he wounded the woman of this inn with a chopping knife, and what is this but a knife, and wou'dn't it be a good deed to put him to death like a mad dog? Therefore, Squire, do you see, if it will pleasure you and my lady there above stairs, who is ill enough God he knows, I'll put this knife into

 that

that same Mr. Geoghegan's ribs, and be off the next moment on the grey mare; and isn't she in the stable? therefore only speak the word and I'll do it." This was the true and exact proposal of O'Rourke; and, as nearly as I can remember, I have stated it in his very words.

THE

SCOTS LAW ON DUELLING.

IN a recent trial before the High Court of Justiciary, their Lordships, in giving their opinions respecting the relevancy of the indictment, referred to the following cases reported by Mr. Hume, who, after stating a hypothetical case of slaughter in single combat, says—In the case of Robert Robertson, Aug. 5, 1673, it was even judged to be murder in the survivor, notwithstanding the favourable plea that on coming to the field he earnestly declined the combat*, and was threatened, and abused, and drawn upon by the deceased; so that he had no choice, but was necessitated to defend his life; and of these things he offered proof. But, though urged to the effect of alleviating only, this defence was disregarded; and the libel alone was remitted to the assize†. Much less, then, continues the author, will the excuse serve, if the parties have gone to the field, though in the heat of blood, and on a sudden quarrel, and have fought fairly, without either of them giving back or declining the strife. By our practice this is nothing less than murder; as was determined in two cases, after full debate on the question.

The first is the case of William Mackay, June 17, 1670, and was shortly thus:—Mackay, a taylor, being in the Castle of Edinburgh, had quarrelled with a soldier who was in company with him, drinking; and blows had passed mutually between them. Mackay said to the soldier, that he durst not fight him or use him so, if they were beyond the gates of the Castle. They then left the Castle together, and went to the city, and got swords, and from thence proceeded to the fields, the King's Park, where they first fell to blows, and afterwards drew and fought fairly; and the soldier was killed. In these circumstances, Mackay, besides denying the challenger, offered to prove that the deceased was the aggressor, and drew on him, and obliged him to defend his life. The prosecutor answered, that he would prove the challenge and the appointment stated in his libel. The Court repelled the defence‡, and the pannel was convicted, and condemned to die.

The other case, that of James

* "So that *esto argumenti causa*, he had gone to the craigs with him, yet having repented him on the place, it was lawful for him to have resiled; like as *de facto*, he did resile, and refused to fight; but being forced thereto by the defunct, it was necessary for him, in his own defence, to draw his sword."

† "Finds the indictment relevant, notwithstanding the defence and duply, and remits the same to the knowledge of an assize." Mr. Hume adds in a note—"I have not found that this prosecution came to any issue. The diet was continued from time to time."

‡ "Repels the defence proposed for the pannel, as the same is alledged complexly, and ordains the ditray to be put to the knowledge of an as-

Gray, on June 10 and 11, 1678, was that of combat between two persons who quarrelled in a tavern, and left their party with a purpose to fight, and fought accordingly hard by the house. The defence and libel were both remitted to the Jury ||, who found—"That the pannel did commit the said slaughter upon the defunct Archibald Murray, and that with one voice; and as to the second part, relating to the pannel's self-defence they find no such thing proven; but on the contrary, that the pannel and defunct came both out from their company, most likely upon one and the same design."

The pannel had sentence to lose his head.

The law has provided still further restraints against the practice of duelling. A Scotch Act, 1600, 12, on account of "the great liberty that sundry persons take in provoking of others to single combats, upon sudden and frivolous quarrels whilke has engendered great inconvenients within this realme, states and ordains, that no person in time coming, without his Heighness's licence, fight any single combat, under paine of death, and his moveable geare escheat to his Heighness's use. And the provoker to be punished with a more ignominous death than the defender, at the pleasure of his Majesty."

And a later statute, in 1696, 35, enacts, "That whosoever, principal or second, or other interposed person, gives a challenge to fight a duel, or single combat, or whosoever accepts the same, or whosoever, either principal or second on either side, engages therein, albeit no fighting ensue, shall be punished by the pain of banishment and escheat of moveables, without prejudice to the act already made against the fighting of duels."

SKETCH OF RICHARD BEAUCHAMP, EARL OF WARWICK.

BORN in Worcestershire, at the manor house of Salwap. He was a man so redoubted for martial achievments, that Hercules his labours found in him a real performance; and his deeds of charity were little inferior to the feats of his valour. In his pilgrimage to the holy land, being challenged at Verona by Sir Pandulph Malaces, an Italian, to fight with him at three weapons, the axe, the sword, and the dagger, he had slain his adversary at the second weapon, had not some interceded seasonably. Again fighting at Justs in France, with Sir Collar Fines, at every stroke he bear him backward to his horse. And, when the French suspected he was tyed to his saddle, to confute their jealousies, our Earl lighted, and presently remounted. He was also eminently active in King Henry V. victorious battles in France,

size." The libel was laid both on the statute against duels, and at common law.

|| "The lords find the libel relevant, and that there is no necessity of any distinct probation for proving precogitate malice, and remit the libel," &c. As also, "They find the exception of self-defence simply proponed, relevant, and refuse to grant precognition upon the qualifications and circumstances mentioned in the defence."

and

and might truly say, *quorum pars magna fui.* Being sent by this King to the council of Constance, with a retinue of 800 horse, there he killed a German Duke who challenged him in the presence of the Emperor. The Empress, pleased with his valour, took the badge from one of the Earl's men, being a plain bear of silver, and wore it on her shoulder. But next day, our Earl presented her with a bear, which was his crest, made of pearls and precious stones. So that Sigismund observing the Knight's wisdom, breeding, and manhood, called him the father of courtesy. He died at Roan, 1419.

ASCOT RACES,

DESCRIBED BY

A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

DEAR CAROLINE,

YOU were certainly tired with the long account I gave you in my last letter, of the business which occasioned my mother and myself to visit the neighbourhood of Windsor this summer; but in order to make all the recompence in my power, I shall now endeavour to entertain you with the particulars of a very pleasant expedition I was engaged in, to see the last Ascot-Heath Races: and though you often laugh at my romantic descriptions, yet upon this occasion I can call a thousand witnesses to prove them literally true.

Mr. W——, eldest son to the lady we are now with, is a very agreeable gentleman. He has travelled, and is much esteemed by his friends for a very happy taste in poetry, architecture, and gardening. He gives up a great part of his time to books, and yet loves hunting, shooting, horse-racing, and all kind of sports, as much as my brother Charles; but with this great difference, Charles makes them his whole business, Mr. W—— his amusements only. The people of Windsor are a strange set! they said he was in love with me, before I had been in the house a week; but let that be as it may. One morning he entered the room, where his sister and I were breakfasting together: "Miss B——," says he, "I am come to engage you in a party to Ascot Races. There is no doubt but that we shall both be much entertained; I with the sport, which, from the quality and number of horses entered, promises to be great; and you with the beauty of the scene, where the horses are to run, which perhaps has not its equal in England." You know what little pleasure I find in races, but all my acquaintances reckon me mad after prospects; and to acknowledge the truth, I was not a little pleased at a proposal that would lead me into a part of the country, which had often been described to me as abounding with extreme fine ones.

We set out the next morning, to the number of seven, three gentlemen and four ladies, all mounted on horseback, under the guidance of Mr. W——, who knowing how much I delighted in seeing a beautiful country, he chose to conduct us the pleasantest way, rather than the nearest. After a very pleasant and circuitous rout, we ascended the south side of an eminence, called —— hill, on the summit of which, we left our horses, and followed our conductor through a beech wood near a quarter of a mile, and were brought, when we least expected it, to the north edge of the hill, and surprised with a complete view over the most enchanting valley I ever beheld in my life. "There, says he, Miss B——, feast your eyes with

with this prospect, and tell me if your favourite vale of Tempe, as described by your favourite poet, in his verses to Sir Isaac Newton, comes up to it." The admiration I was struck with, kept me silent, and gave him an opportunity of proceeding.

"As you," continues he, "have a most exquisite taste for things of this kind, I beg you to consider well the uncommon beauties of this valley. How boldly do those hills which form it, rise on each side! and how finely are they diversified with woods and inclosures! But above all, how glorious an appearance does the river Thames make, playing along those spacious meadows, which for firmness of soil, and delicacy of verdure, have not their parallel in Europe! Observe the winding course of the river, which, by the division of its current, forms all those little islands now in view; then uniting again, rushes on in full stream against the foot of the hill we stand on. The waters checked by the stroke, swell, as you see, into a kind of lake; and taking another turn, glide slowly on under the shade of this hanging wood in one continued course, for a length of almost two miles."

There is no expressing how eagerly my eyes devoured every object my ears heard described. "They very much resemble," says I, "a fine description in Milton's Allegro."

"Straight my eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round, it measures;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high with tufted trees;
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The Cynosure * of neighbouring eyes."

I had scarcely finished these lines when a well-dressed gentleman, who, unobserved among the trees, had been admiring the prospect as well as ourselves, complimented me on the graceful manner, as he was pleased to call it, with which I had repeated the verses. "I assure you madam," says he, "they are most happily applied, even more so with regard to the last two lines." I made the gentleman a short curtsey, and turning to Mr. W——, desired we might proceed to procure some refreshment before the sport began, which was immediately agreed to by the whole company.

After a short repast, we proceeded to the course; and if I was charmed in the morning, with surveying it from the top of the hill, my pleasure was now more than doubled with being on it, when, to the natural beauties of the place, I beheld the additional splendour of as large a meeting of fine company as had appeared at any races this year in England.

A wood just opposite the distance post, made a semicircular opening of considerable extent, which was filled with spectators chiefly of the female sex, who, from the obliquity of the ground rising one above another in a kind of theatrical order, covered the slope quite up to the trees, that were also loaden in the front with boys clustering upon the branches, as they judged they should best see the horses run.

This declivity thus enriched by a crowded assembly of country lasses, all dressed out with their best gowns, red, green, yellow, and blue, presented in the sun, then shining extremely bright; such a

* Cynosure is the old Greek name for the most northern constellation in the heavens, where the polar star is first seen; which, before the invention of the compass, was the chief guide for navigators to sail by.

beautiful

beautiful appearance of colours, and such a still more beautiful appearance of cheerful countenances, as rendered it the most gay, and most joyous spectacle I had ever seen.

The drum now beating, Mr. W——, took notice that the races would soon begin, and stationed us in a place he had chosen out, as the most advantageous to command a view of the sport.

The first was a good race, for a sweepstakes which was won by Mr. Neale's Quiz, beating Lord Albemarle's brother to Vivaldi.

Then were six horses entered for a Handicap-plate of £50, for all ages, &c. but of these, no more than three were esteemed by the best judges to have any share for the plate, these were Agincourt, Ploughboy, and Watery, each of which had its particular admirers. Mr. Forth's brown horse, Agincourt, was a strong animal, and of an ex-excellent breed, and the number of sportsmen ready to lay on his head was greatly superior to any of the others. Mr. Waddington's Ploughboy was a horse of great reputation, and many sportsmen declared their opinion that he would prove the winning horse: while others, though comparatively few, supported their judgment that Mr. Lake's beautiful bay horse, Watery, of Sir F. Poole's breed, from Waxy, would be the winner. Watery, though he did not seem cast in so strong a mould as any of the others, yet had something of such beautiful symmetry in his whole make, as captivated the good wishes of all the ladies in his favour; nor was he without the support of many gentlemen; among whom was Mr. W——, who laid 10 guineas on his success, and 20 guineas against Agincourt's winning.

The other three, who were of little estimation, were Mr. Emden's bay filly, Sigismunda; Sir J. Mawbey's bay colt, Candidate; and Lord Albemarle's brown colt, Trudge.

The entered horses assembled at the starting, with their riders dressed in silk waistcoats of different colours, to render themselves more distinguishable. All the horses seemed impatient of the bit, till the beat of drum, relieving their restraint, they sprang forward and swept along with great appearance of ease, as well as swiftness; and stretching away along the heath vanished from our sight in a few moments. All before me was now one great scene of hurry and confusion. Every person's spirits seemed to be on the wing, while men, women, horses, chariots, phaetons, and coaches, hoping to better their stations, flew over the field in a hundred different ways, and crossed each other, with that precipitance and disorder as made me apprehensive, lest one half of the company should be trampled down by the other; but to my great joy, as well as wonder, not a single person was hurt.

After the noise and bustle was in some degree subsided, Watery and Ploughboy appeared in sight, far before the rest, sweeping along the course by the side of one another, with such equal pace, as rendered it difficult to name the foremost; but on their reaching the distance post, Watery made a sudden push and gained ground; which Ploughboy, though severely pressed by the whip, was never able to recover till Watery had passed the goal, and won the heat.

Sigismunda and Trudge being drawn, the other four started for the second heat, in which Watery and Ploughboy, left the other horses as far behind as they had formerly done,

done, and passed the distance post together; but while all the beholders were expecting to see a hard struggle, Ploughboy sprang away from his competitor, and won the heat with seeming ease.

On the inauspicious termination of this heat, I could not help rallying Mr. W——, for being misled by beauty in the choice of a horse to bet on, and begged he would profit by the example in the more important choice of a wife. "Indeed madam, replied Mr. W——, you lay me under great obligation, in letting your regard for my success make you plead against the power of an excellence you possess yourself, in so very high a degree:" however, I am far from believing Watery's beauty has deceived me; because I still think he will win. Did you not observe how hard he pressed to get forward; and with what difficulty he was held back, by Wheatley, his rider? Assure yourself it was done to save him, and get an increase of bets; the next heat you will see him make a figure.

There was a gentleman on horseback very near me, dressed in a close frock, a jockey cap, round wig, buckskin breeches, and tight boots; who, all the while Mr. W—— was speaking to me, kept looking at him with a most contemptuous grin upon his face. "I will lay you, says he, £40 to £20, that Watery does not win the plate, and £30 to £20, that Ploughboy does. Mr. W——, accepted both wagers, to my great concern, as believing he would certainly lose.

When the interval of rest was over, the four horses started again, and Ploughboy and Watery soon got beyond the command of our sight, in their flight along the course. Every beholder now, even those who laid no bets, found themselves very strongly interested in the success, either on one side or the other, and we waited their return with impatience. At length they came in view, and Ploughboy was foremost, to the inexpressible joy of all his friends, but while they were shouting at the sight, Watery got before him half a length: joy then went over to his party, and their transports were as strong, as loud, but likewise as fleeting: for Ploughboy, during their shouts gained ground, which was hardly proclaimed, when the acclamations of Watery's adherents declared he had again recovered it. In short, both horses won and lost the lead three times in the space of half a minute. But when they passed the distance post, Ploughboy was first, and had been so for some seconds; insomuch, that Watery's friends were ready to despair, when his rider had recourse to the whip; upon the first application he was brought abreast with his competitor; and upon the second, a-head of him half a length. Ploughboy's rider then thought proper to brandish the same weapon, and both sides exercised it with equal smartness, but very different effect; for Ploughboy swerving sideways at every stroke, lost ground, while Watery sprang forward, and won the heat and plate.

Upon this success, I made some apology for having suspected Watery's intrinsic merit would fall short of his beauty, and then paid some compliments to Mr. W——'s better judgment, which had led him to the winning above £100.

Thus my dear Caroline, I have given you a very particular account of the last day's races at Ascot, and presume you pardon the detail of a days sport, which far exceeded every thing of the kind ever before witnessed by, Your's, MARIA B ****.

FAMILIAR LETTER OF JAMES I.

When in Scotland.

"To our Right Truist Freind, the Laird of Caldwell.

JAMES R.

RIGHT trusty, and right well-beloved cousine and counsellour, we greit you well. These are most earnestly to require you, as you will do us most acceptable favour, and procure our exceeding great contentment, to search out and to send to us, two couple of excellent terriers, or earth-dogs, which are both stout good fox-killers, and will stay long in the grownds. We are credibly informed that the Erle of Monteith hath good of that kind, who, we are sure will be glad to gratify us with them: some also we had of Hankertown, which we have lost. If neither of these two aforenamed have any, or if you can by your dilligence learn where any other be which are excellent, we pray you send us the two couple, to be with us about, or shortly after Michaelmas; and assuring ourself of your carefull dilligence herein, whereby you shall more gratify us, than by a greater matter; we bid you farewell. Given at Houghton-town, August 16, 1617."

This order for procuring two couple of terriers is ridiculously pompous. The king could not have expressed himself with more earnestness, had he been issuing a commission to levy an army for the defence of his dominions. J. J. B.

FOOT RACE.

THIS match between Abraham Wood and Jonathan Pollitt, was decided on Monday the 14th instant. The parties started to run five times round what is called the Four-mile Course as Doncaster, for 400gs. In running the first mile, they ran elbow and elbow; after which, Wood took the lead for about forty yards, and continued so till nearly the four-mile winning post, when Pollitt exerted himself, passed him, and led for about ten yards, when Wood again took the lead, apparently very easy, leaving his antagonist several yards, and continued leaving him for the remaining three rounds, and won, without appearing to be the least distressed.

Wood ran the distance in fifty-one minutes and twenty-four seconds; Pollitt being nearly a minute longer, and very much distressed.

Before starting, and in running the first time round, the bets were two to one on Wood; in the second round, five to two and three to one on Wood; in the third round, five and six to one on Wood; and afterwards, ten and twenty to one on him. The reason given for Pollitt's exerting himself to pass Wood in the second round, it is said was to determine a bet of fifty guineas.

A prodigious concourse of people were present, among whom were great numbers out of Lancashire, the competitors being natives of that county; and as the persons on horse-back rode in the inside of the course, there was not the smallest interruption to the runners.

This race, we believe, was never equalled, and the losers are perfectly satisfied that Pollitt exerted himself to the utmost. At the conclusion of the race, Wood offered to run any person in one hour after, a single mile for fifty guineas, which was not accepted. After Wood had dined, Poullitt waited on him and his company, and declared that he would never run him any length again; but that

that he would run any other man in the kingdom for any sum. There is only five months difference in their age, the oldest being about twenty-nine years.

Much praise, however, is due to Pollitt, who continued to run till he had completed the distance, having previously told his friends that he would run it in fifty-five minutes; and he proved the truth of his assertion, by running it in fifty-three. To his credit, he came in at full speed, and we believe he ran the last mile in as little time as any—he certainly gained ground considerably on his antagonist in it.—Pollitt is by far the neatest runner, but much weaker, and full an inch shorter than Wood. Perhaps we are right when we say, that no man in the kingdom, Wood excepted, can beat him.

About a fortnight before the race, Wood, when exercising in Nostall-Park, trod upon a stump of wood, which dislocated a small bone in his foot; notwithstanding he only omitted two days' exercise; and on the day he ran the match, his foot was bound with a strengthening plaister. The rounds were as under:

	Min.	Sec.
First time round the Course	10	12
Second ditto	10	23
Third ditto	10	8
Fourth ditto	10	23
Fifth ditto	10	18
	51	24

Twice round the course at Doncaster is 408 yards short of four miles, or three miles three quarters, and thirty-two yards: so that the space they ran, as above, was exactly nine miles, one quarter, and three hundred yards.

Wood has since challenged to run any man in the world, for any sum.

ACTION FOR SHOOTING A GREYHOUND.

Sheriff's Court, York.

A WRIT of inquiry was lately executed at the Castle of York, before S. W. Nicoll, Esq. assessor for the High-Sheriff of Yorkshire, in a cause between John Smith, of Ampleforth, plaintiff, and John Thackray, gamekeeper to Sir Martin Stapylton, of Myton, Bart. defendant.—The action was brought for recovering damages from the defendant, acting by his master's express orders, for shooting a greyhound dog, the property of Mr. Smith; who on the 19th of November last, being qualified both by estate and certificate, was, on an invitation from a friend, also fully qualified, taking a day's diversion in the manor of Helperby, which adjoins the manor of Myton. The defendant seeing the plaintiff and his party, told them he had his master's express directions to shoot all their dogs, if they got into the manor of Myton: being cautioned not to do so, the plaintiff and his party pursued their range in the manor of Helperby; and on a shout being given by some person, the plaintiff's dog passed into the manor of Myton, and the defendant, waiting there for that purpose, shot him.—The plaintiff laid his damages at £20, and on a full hearing of the merits, a jury of respectable freeholders expressed their abhorrence of such an arbitrary, illegal, and wanton act, by giving the plaintiff a verdict for the whole sum claimed; which it is hoped may be the means of preventing similar stretches of imagined power arising from property, against the protecting laws of this kingdom.

DEATH OF THE STAG.

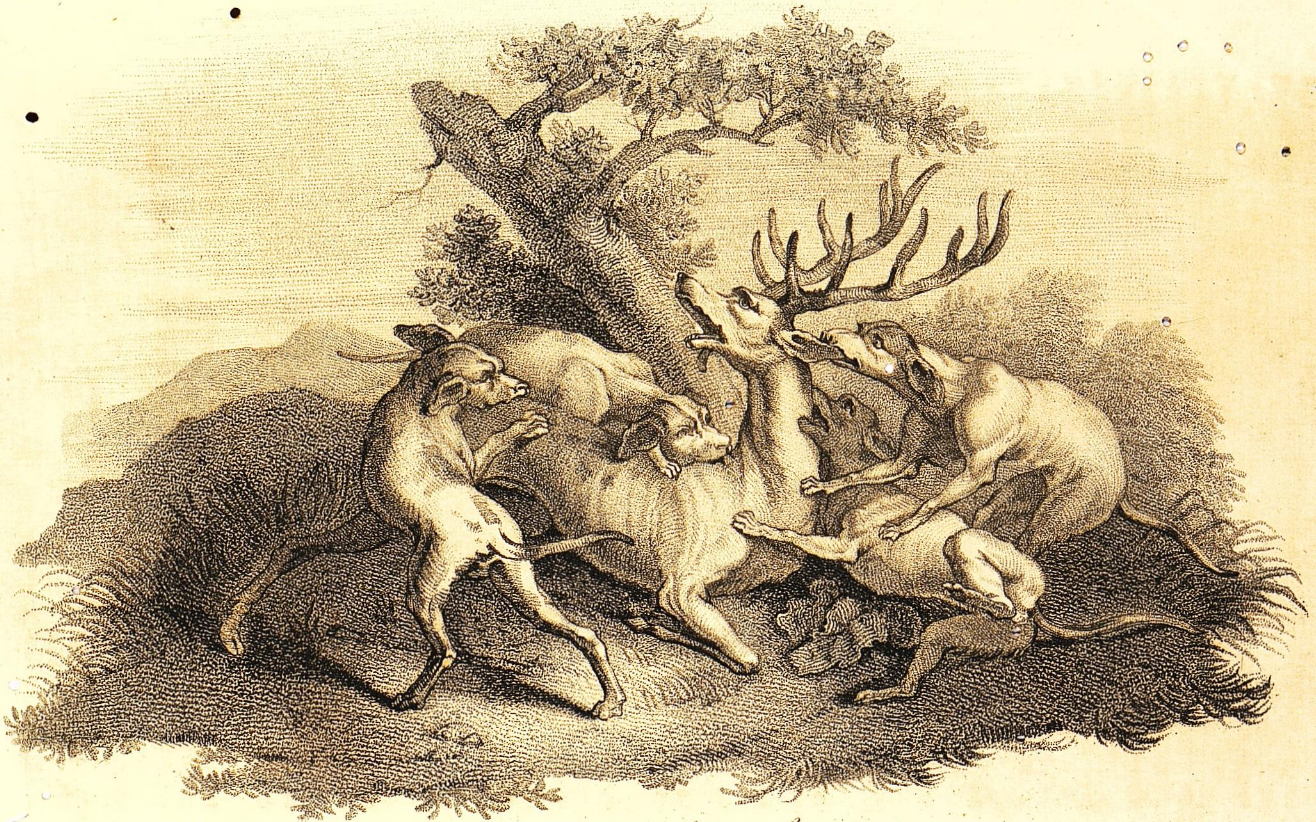
An Engraving.

HUNTING the Stag has been held, in all ages, a diversion of the noblest kind; and former times bear testimony of the great exploits performed on these occasions. In our island, large tracts of land were set apart for this purpose; villages and sacred edifices were wantonly thrown down, and converted into wide wastes, that the tyrant of the day might have room to pursue his favourite diversion.—In the times of William Rufus and Henry the first, it was less criminal to destroy one of the human species than a beast of the chase.—Happily for us, these wide-extended scenes of desolation and oppression have been gradually contracted; useful arts, agriculture, and commerce have extensively spread themselves over the land; and these superior beasts of the chase have given way to other animals more useful to the comforts of society. However, a portion of the noblest game is still preserved; and the stag, whose fleetness and majesty has long been proverbial, leads the way to health and pleasure. It sometimes happens, that when the poor feeble creature falls an apparent victim to the all-devouring pack, the principal of the hunt, gratified with the charms of the chase, commands his huntsman to call off the dogs, and turn up the deer once more to seek its safety, undisturbed by the clamours of his eager tormentors. It is recorded of King George the Second, that he would seldom, after the chase, permit the death of the stag; and that his present Majesty has been often heard to declare, that although he received a great pleasure in the pursuit of this animal, he received still a greater in preserving the life of the creature that had so contributed to his gratifications.—It was to this divine propensity Mr. Somervile alluded in his descriptive poem of "The Chase;" and no doubt to some royal personage, with whom he was cotemporary.

As the particular passage goes to describe the fall of the stag, and as it presents a much finer picture than I can delineate, I shall present it at length, for the amusement of the reader.—

.... "As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd
To dare some great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse; then, as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with eager violence:
Th[illegible] takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid stream he wafts
Along, till, like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek, close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds; there skulks immers'd.
His nose alone above the wave, draws in
The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain.
At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,

And



Death of the Stag.

Pub. Aug. 1. 1806. by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud op'ning, spends amain; and his wide throat
Swells every note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling, strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
The slipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
Engage. The stag repels each bold assault,
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns:
As when some wily corsair boards a ship
Full freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he slings; these in the deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
And clinging, climb aloft; while those on board
Urge on the work of fate; the master bold,
Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave;
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the stag: so he resolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himself, his foes, in one deep gulf immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light:
Beneath a weight of woe, he groans distress'd:
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the disappointed hungry pack
Retire submiss; and, grumbling, quit their prey.

We have given place to this extract, but must here observe, that the whole of Somervile's Chase has appeared in former Magazines.

MATRIMONY.

A GENTLEMAN between thirty and forty years of age, whose person and manners would be generally thought unexceptionable, wishes to form a matrimonial connection with an amiable woman of fortune, correspondent to his own pretensions, which his retired situation, at a distance in the country, renders it difficult for him to do. The advertiser has a pleasant house and gardens, and handsomely furnished. A good woman would have no reason to repent attending to this advertisement.—There are many causes which may render it highly desirable to such a woman to put herself under the protection of a husband, who would at least treat her with kindness. The advertiser has no wish to tempt youth to filial disobedience, or to ensnare the unwary to their undoing.—He addresses this to those only who have a right to judge for themselves; and as his own intentions are honourable, he objects not to the reasonable precautions of those who might be disposed to listen to them. It is absolutely essential that the lady should be amiable, and a gentlewoman, and fitted for retirement. To avoid frivolous answers, it is expected

pected that the lady should have not less than £500 per annum unencumbered, which there is no objection to settle on herself, in a manner which may secure her from risk. No letters will be opened which are not post paid.—Address to L. M.

ANALYSIS, OF *Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour through France.*

(Continued from p. 131.)

OMITTING the author's observations on the French metropolis, of which, we have had within these few years, such numerous accounts; we shall prefer following him in his excursions, to provinces which have not so frequently been the subject of the pens of English travellers.

On his visit to Orleans, and the adjacent country, he passed some days at the magnificent seat of M. de Luçay, in an extensive domain, admirably adapted to the various branches of sporting. Having inspected the forge situated on this estate, on the return of the party to the mansion, the following ludicrous circumstance occurred. We shall relate it in the author's own words.

"Mr. Bryant, who had never been acquainted with equestrian exercise, was unfortunately mounted on an ass, which had long been accustomed to carry a lady. The animal, conscious of the difference of his new charge, expressed his dissatisfaction, by braying in a most vociferous manner. No light being visible, except that which issued from the distant chimney of the forge, our cavalcade proceeded slowly forward, each of the party being occupied with their respective cogitations. By some accident, however, Mr. Bryant had fallen from his ass unperceived, either through the obstinacy of his beast, or his want of skill in riding. It seems the ass had been allured by the odor of a cabbage garden, belonging to a *ci-devant* convent, and had hurried our unfortunate artist into the midst of it, though much against his inclination. Here he soon lost his seat; but the proprietors of the garden, observing the devastation that was likely to take place among their cabbages, armed themselves with the first implements they could lay their hands on, and made a most furious attack both upon Mr. Bryant and his mischievous palfrey. The noise of the animal's running and kicking, and the cries of its dismounted rider, who, in a jargon of mingled French and English, called loudly for assistance, excited our attention, and we immediately hastened to extricate him from his disagreeable situation; but, notwithstanding our interference, both himself and the ass were severely bruised and lacerated. As this scene took place on the entrance of a forest, and in a very sequestered spot, it might have afforded a good subject for Mr. Bryant's pencil, and I doubt not but the drawing would have been truly laughable."

Having enjoyed the various kinds of sports afforded by this princely domain, for the particulars of which we are obliged to refer the reader to the work itself; Colonel Thornton visited the city of Blois, and the celebrated mansion of Chambord, once the residence of Marshal Saxe. He then proceeded to Le Gedonaire, the seat of M. de Beaumont, where a party was formed to go to Le Chevatrie,

Chevatrie, accounted the finest sporting-box in that country. Here he had an opportunity of hunting the wolf, an exercise which must necessarily be a novelty to an English sportsman. To shew in what manner it is conducted, we shall extract the passage containing the particulars of that chase.

"The intense heat of the following day," says the author, "did not prevent us from throwing into the forest at four o'clock, and we soon roused a wolf, of which we had a view for five or six miles: however, there was no probability of killing but by shooting him, and this was not easily done, as the cover was extremely thick in underwood and heath, the avenues having been entirely neglected since the revolution.

"I had heard several shots in different parts, and some of them so near together, that I did not suppose them to be at the same animal: however, the cry returned, and I faintly saw something rush near me. The hunters then came up, and informed me they had shot at a wolf, and one of the party said in an exulting tone, he was confident that he had mortally wounded him.

"I had twenty-one balls in my seven-barrelled gun, and trusted, if I could get a shot the least clear of cover, I should wound the game. We then took our respective stations in the *allées*, all agreeing, as is necessary, to shoot forwards. In about half an hour I heard the cry no more, and therefore dashed on at a good rate for two miles, when I heard the hounds, but very faintly. Having placed myself in what I thought a likely pass, I heard a rustling, and soon discovered an animal listening, about sixty yards distant. Agitated as I was at this moment, I could not decide whether I should fire. I was certain of hitting with some of the balls; but as the cry continued to advance, I resolved to wait, and in a little time my gentleman passed the avenue. He seemed jaded, and was evidently hit in the hinder part. I then fired, but whether successfully or not I could not tell. Running up to the boughs where he had appeared, I found them cut, and on carefully examining the range of the balls, I conceived that I had certainly wounded him; in consequence of which I remounted my horse, and tallibo'd, so as to make the forest ring. In about ten minutes, a couple and a half of my hounds appeared nearly together. Caustic and Consul, grand-son and grand-daughter of Merkin, of true Conqueror-blood, seemed to be the most vermin. They flew counter down the avenue; but I hallo'd them back, and, at this instant, three couple and a half out of my four came in, and were immediately followed by Vixen, who appeared full as vicious. I capped them, and they went off at a rattling pace after the wolf, but still they were almost mute.

"Having galloped on to the next avenue, I was joined by some straggling gentlemen, and at length by the huntsman, whom I informed of what had transpired. He was in raptures with my hounds, and exclaimed: *Par Dieu, Monsieur le Colonel, ce sont des veritables chiens, ils sont superbes. Ils tueront non pas seulement tous les loups, mais aussi le diable.* If I hallo'd like a madman, he certainly was not behind me in blowing, for I really thought he would have burst either himself or his horn. The rest of the sportsmen, being furnished with horns, blew with confidence, and the noise they made has never since been out of my ears.

"Another

"Another shot proclaimed that the game was again seen, when he turned shorter and the hounds got nearer; and on my representing to the gentlemen that our hounds would soon outrate him, they politely agreed to fire no more. The wolf was now frequently seen, and at every time the horns gave notice. He crossed an avenue tolerably clear, when Vixen, who had joined us, saw him, and, although just before jaded, the little devil got the scent and gave tongue. When she seemed to be near and teazing him, my hounds came up within two hundred yards of his jack, all in a sheet; and even some of the French hounds, which had given up the chase, now came in; one of them, between a Newfoundland dog, and a deep-mouth Norman hound worked very hard.

"At this moment the wolf turned to us, when the terrier, having a decided advantage from the thickness of the cover, continued catching at his haunches. I hallo'd, the huntsman blew away, and the game was now at the point of death, surrounded by his enemies. His tongue hung out, and he was evidently wounded in more places than one, as he could scarcely draw his near hind leg after him. After he had been tormented for some time by Vixen, he came to a sort of opening in the ride, but in crossing some deep ruts, he fell in and could not recover himself. The Norman hound and three others rushed in, and threw him on his back. He snatched, but they seized him by the throat and back, whilst Vixen had good hold of his haunch. I thrust the end of my whip in his mouth, and the huntsman coolly tied his nose, and drew his *couteau de chasse*, which I told him was unnecessary; the hounds being at him, he must soon expire.

"Having blown our horns and hallo'd till we were almost dead with drought, we tied our horses to some trees, and sat down whilst the wolf was dying. The huntsman said it was a *gros loup de quatre années*, and I observed he had a famous set of grinders and good dog-teeth. He had received from the first fire of M. de Beaumont, a small pistol-ball through the upper part of his back, and one buck-shot had grazed his neck. My balls, being rifled very neatly, were easily known; two of them had entered the fleshy part of the thigh, and a third, which had crossed the kidneys, seemed to have given the mortal wound, as, without that, the huntsman said he would have stood much longer: his brush had suffered from some balls, which almost every one present asserted to have been his.

"Having opened our canteens and taken some refreshment, I ordered the carcase of the wolf to be thrown to the hounds, and the greatest part of it was soon devoured, but the French hounds would not touch it. On examining the dogs, we found that one of Consul's ears was almost bit off; Caustic was sadly cut on the side of her face, and the rest a little injured. Vixen had escaped with only a bloody nose: that was indeed a severe wound for a terrier, but she did not seem to mind it, and indeed, they all suffered much less than I expected.

"Thus terminated about ten o'clock what I had been so anxious to see—a wolf-hunt, and I had now ascertained what might be done by fox-hounds."

Having inspected a variety of estates in Touraine, with a view to purchase, and visited the once magnificent but now dilapidated palaces of Chanteloup and Fontainebleau, Colonel Thornton returned to Paris.

In

In describing the commencement of his acquaintance with the famous General Santerre, the author introduces a curious anecdote relative to a well known agricultural character in this country. "After some general conversation," says Colonel Thornton, "he, the general, began a dissertation on farming, asking me if I knew A— Y—, and on my replying in the affirmative, he requested to know what I thought of his work as a farmer. I told him frankly that I believed the work was ingeniously written on purpose to deceive: and, from the notes I had made during a journey of considerable length, with his book before me, I was firmly of opinion, that he knew nothing of practical farming.—I could not help adding, that Mr. Y——'s farm in Suffolk was a complete bed of thistles and other weeds; and that while he was inspecting the management of farms in Spain and Italy, he unfortunately forgot his own, which he had left in England.

"Monsieur Santerre informed me, that, desirous of profiting from every instruction in the agricultural line, he had, some time before, despatched a person to England, who, on his arrival, not finding Mr. Y—— at his farm, applied to his wife for permission to view it. With this request she readily complied, but at the same time assured him there was nothing worthy of particular observation. He then requested to see Mr. Y——'s famous breed of pigs, which had been extolled so highly. "We have no pigs," replied the lady. "What! no pigs!" "No, Sir;" rejoined she, "nor ever had any." "*Morbleu!*" exclaimed the gentleman, "does he not in his treatise, give an account of those animals, and the mode of treating them?"—"Lord! Sir," said Mrs. Y——, in a fit of laughter, "I am sorry you should have come from France on such an errand. My husband *amuses* himself with writing on farming, and that is all."

Being invited to a shooting party which met at the house of a general whose name is not mentioned, the author had occasion to notice a custom, which in our opinion affords no very favourable idea of the humanity of French sportsmen. "When we came to muster our dogs," says he, we found the general's favourite in a most deplorable condition. It seems to be a constant practice with the French sportsmen, that if a dog disobey his master they let him go on to a certain distance, and then fire at him. I cannot, however, approve of this system, as, in the present case, the nostrils of the favourite animal had been deeply perforated by a shot, which had consequently rendered him, for some time, totally unfit for business: yet notwithstanding this, he was put into the dog-carriage."

It would be impossible for us to do justice to the author or to give satisfaction to the reader, by following our traveller on his journey to the frontier provinces, formerly the principalities of Deux Ponts, Nassau, &c. Our limits would confine us to a dry list of names. For the particulars of that journey, through a country seldom traversed by the English tourist, as well as for the narrative of his visit to Chantilly, and the description of that magnificent mansion, we must refer the inquisitive reader to the work itself.

An appendix subjoined to the second volume, contains much information highly interesting to the sporting amateur. In order to draw some comparison between the state of sporting in France and England, the

the colonel makes some observations on the principal sporting establishments in this island; having, in the course of his tour, taken notice of those which take the lead in France. He gives successively a a description of the establishment of the Earl of Darlington at Raby Castle, of Thornville Royal, of the Duke of Bedford's at Woburn, and of the Duke of Richmond's at Goodwood. These accounts are blended with reflections and instructions on various sporting subjects, which, from the known character of the writer, cannot fail to prove highly acceptable to persons who have not enjoyed such opportunities of obtaining experience. Among the rest, the author treats at some length in this appendix of the manner of hunting the wild boar; of the distemper in dogs, and the modes of cure recommended by various intelligent natives of France; and of the practice generally adopted in that country for the management and training of dogs. This, we venture to predict, will prove not the least interesting portion of the work to the lovers of the chase, and of the sports of the field in general.

We have still to remark, that the engravings, principally in aquatinta, are executed with taste and animation; and are an honourable monument of the spirit of the author, who retained artists in his employ for the purpose of taking drawings. A highly-finished portrait of the colonel, engraved in the line manner, serves as a frontispiece to the first volume.

Possessing such numerous claims to public favour, this work, we have no hesitation to assert, will prove an agreeable and elegant addition, not only to the library of the professed sportsman, but likewise to that of every man possessing genuine taste, and a desire of information.

BLAINE'S DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

As the Distemper in Dogs is at present very prevalent, we are requested to notice a new edition, being the fourth, of a description of the Distemper in Dogs; with an account of the discovery of an efficacious remedy for it: to which is added, the outlines of a plan for a general arrangement and distribution of remedies for the prevalent Diseases of the Horse and Dog.—By Delabere Blaine, Veterinary Surgeon.

Mr. Blaine appears to be unrivalled in his medicines for dogs and horses, of which we understand from his bookseller and vender, that an amazing quantity has been sold within the last twelve months, and the call for them is now greater than ever.

Marriage of a Celebrated Sporting Gentleman.

Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, to Miss E. Cawston, of Munden, Essex. This union, we trust, will be productive of that lasting happiness to the parties which nothing short of an honourable connexion can ensure.

The Colonel is of one of the first families in the county of York, and his fortune ample. Of the lady, she is the sister of a public-spirited gentleman-farmer, in the county of Essex, who has uniformly proved himself one of those enlightened characters that have of late years so liberally contributed to the agricultural interests of the country.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THERE were two species of mines discovered much about the same time; namely, gold in South America, and coal in England. The first unnerved the arm of industry, and the second strung it with vigour.

SUMMER amusement.—On one of the warmest afternoons which has been experienced this season, two persons in the neighbourhood of Whitehaven agreed to run their ponies for a guinea. One of them lost, of course; and being, as it sometimes happens in such cases, dissatisfied with what had passed, he proposed to wrestle with the winner for the same sum. This was consented to, and he lost again. More dissatisfied than ever, he challenged his competitor to fight him. This proposition was likewise accepted; and, after a tolerable good beating, he declared himself *perfectly satisfied*.

AN Irish peasant being asked, if there were any Sunday schools in Ireland—Abundance, said he—Sunday schools *every day of the week*.

A SPORTING company being busy in betting during a late *shower of rain*, a wit present exclaimed:—"Gentlemen, I bar all bets—it is not *fair*."

THE feathered tribe are variously patronised.—Gamesters pay their adoration to a *pigeon*—Young ladies sigh with the gentle *dove*—and the jovial citizen thinks nothing comparable to a fine *swallow*!

COPY OF A PUBLIC NOTICE.

SWIMMING Match.—On Sunday, July 28, 1806, a Swimming Match will take place, at the Two Sisters, New River, between a donkey and a pig, at half past six o'clock in the morning precisely.

N. B. It is expected that the amateurs will attend, as there will be great sport, and bets run very high.—Printed by Miles's Boy, London Bridge.

ON the singular circumstance of each of the different powers having the ship Neptune in the engagement off Trafalgar:—

Three diff'rent powers, to rule the main,
Assum'd Old Neptune's name;
The one from Gallia—one from Spain,
And one from England came.

The British Neptune, as of yore,
Prov'd master of the day;
The Spanish Neptune is no more;
The French one ran away.

AN Irish labourer being told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed—"This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the *fall* of my best friend."

THE facetious Ned Ward tells us of a law-suit founded on two words, *this* and *that*, so ill written that one could not be distinguished from the other; the suit lasted so long that time completely obliterated both, so that in the end it was neither *this* nor *that*.

PONTICK.—A very smart and *condescending* female lately made her

her appearance at H——d, where she outshone most of the country belles in her display of fashionable dress; and her rank in life not being generally known, she was admitted into the genteelest circles.—One day in company she exhibited a hat of peculiar taste, which equally excited envy and curiosity in her companions; and being strongly solicited for the name of this novelty, she replied—"that it was a *Pontick* hat." She soon afterwards quitted the town, when, to the mortification of many tradesmen and milliners whom she had *favoured* with her custom, it was discovered that Miss had spoken truth, and that not only her hat, but most of her wardrobe, had literally been obtained—*upon tick*.

An old miser, who had a footman that had a good appetite and eat fast, but was slow when sent on a message, used to wish that his servant would eat with his feet, and walk with his teeth.

A punster observes on a certain baronet becoming practical hay farmer—"That some advantage may be made even of *an old rake!*

An athletic Hibernian, attempting to make his way through a crowd, was remonstrated with by several persons whom he annoyed, on which he exclaimed—"Arrah, be asy! don't you see that I'm standing up for the *liberty* of the *press*.

Copied from a Handbill.—As dancing is the poetry of motion, those who wish to sail through the mazes of harmony, or to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," will find an able guide in John Wilde, who was formed by nature for a dancing master.—N. B. Those who have been taught to dance with a couple of left legs, had better apply in time, as he effectually cures all bad habits of the kind.

The lady abbess of the bagnio in Chandos-street, lately destroyed by fire, piously observed to a consoling friend the other day, in the language of Mother Cole, in Foote's comedy of the Minor:—"When people are *missed*, then they are *mourned*. Sixteen years have I lived in St. Martin's Parish comfortably and creditably, and, though I say it, could have got bail any hour in the day, reputable tradesmen and neighbours. Heaven knows no *knock-me-down* doings in my house. A set of *regular*, *sedate*, *sober* customers. Sixteen years did I say?—Ay, eighteen years have I paid scot and lot in the parish, and during the whole time nobody has said, *black's* the *white* of my eye."

Literal copy of a letter from a *Flute-player* to a *Fidler*:—

"Dear Tom——I have often played *time* at the *overture* of your *resting* board, but was told you had got into your *country airs*. I wish we could meet and *wet our whistles* together, and I am sure, notwithstanding our late trifling *discord*, we should agree to a *hair*.

A Mr. Hare has entered into the state of conjugal bliss: of course, his lady is now become a *Hare*.—In all probability, therefore, he will consider her in future as *fair game*.

A gentleman being asked what business he intended to bring up his son to, answered—If I thought the rage for gigs, whiskeys, tandems, &c. would continue, I should bring him up to the profession of a *surgeon*."

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

HAZARDOUS BETTING.

On the 26th of July, during the Cockfighting in Mr. Loftus's Pit at Newcastle, a gentleman, on a cock being pounded, betted 10gs to a crown, which he lost in nearly the space of a minute, as the pounded cock, while his antagonist was pecking at him, rose, and after a stroke or two, laid him dead. What is singular, the same gentleman in going from the cock pit to the race-ground in his carriage, accompanied by some other gentlemen, one of them observed the absurdity of buying money so dear, to which the other replied, he would bet the same on any thing, if he thought he could win; the former gentleman said he would take it. "Done, " says the gentleman. "I will bet £10 to " a crown that my cariage does not break down in " going or returning from the race ground."—The bet was accepted; and in going about 100 yards farther, down came the cariage. And thus, in the course of the same day, he lost his two bets of £10 to 5s. In the course of the week's fighting, there were several guineas betted to shillings, and lost, on the various battles.

Sir Thos. Gascoigne's grey colt, Drum-Major, by Delpini, who won the King's Plate, at Newcastle, was most excellently rode by Mr. John Shepherd, who made play with him until they came to the Distance-post, when Mr. F. Collinson, who rode Sunderland, made his run; at which time Shepherd eased his horse for several lengths, and then became severe upon him, and won by about half a neck. Much credit is also due to Mr. Collinson; and it was allowed by all the sporting judges present at the race, that better riding was never seen.

At Newcastle Races, Mr. Brandling purchased Mr. Fenton's Fortune, after winning the 50l. Plate, for 250gs. She won 50l. at Morpeth on Wednesday the 2d instant. Mr. Fenton purchased her at Lord Fitzwilliam's sale, at York August Meeting, 1805, for 38gs. Fortune was got by Beningbrough; her dam, Cecilia, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Termagant, the dam of Lord Fitzwilliam's Edmund, by Alfred; Pewett, by Tandem; Evelina, by Highflyer; Filbert and Pickle, by Walnut; Stately, by Standard; Sparrowhawk, by Buzzard, &c. Pewett is the dam of the famous runner Sir Paul.

In the same week a Long Main of Cocks was made to be fought at Mr. Loftus's Pit, Newcastle, during the Races 1807, between Charles Brandling, Esq. and Cuthbert Ellison, Esq. for 20gs a Battle, and 1000gs the Main.

In Oxford Race Week, which begins on Tuesday the 5th of August, the third great Main of Cocks will be fought between the Gentlemen of Oxford, and those of Berkshire, for 10gs a Battle, and 200gs the Main. Eaton and Fisher, feeders.

Bibury Meeting has been unusually productive of engagements for future sport. Mr. Mellish has accepted

cepted the office of Steward for next year, and engaged some of his best horses to run there. Besides the regular Stakes which have been renewed, several Matches are made for the different days.

THE Marquis of H——d is said to have been so successful at play this season, as to have cleared upwards of £60,000. The Earl of B——e upwards of £50,000. A Right Reverend is stated to be of the *minus* party.

ON Friday the 27th of June, at six o'clock, a foot race took place in Hyde Park, along the gravel walk leading to Kensington gardens, between Mr. W. Buxton and Mr. Percival Cooke, for 50gs a side, to run 100 yards, which was won by Mr. Cooke, who ran the distance in ten seconds and a half. Mr. C. was seven yards a-head of his opponent. At starting, bets were in favour of Mr. Cooke, 6 to 4; and 2 to 1 towards the last twenty yards. There were upwards of 500 spectators present.

IN the first week of this month, a great trotting match took place near Manchester, between Mr. Henry Nield's roan mare and Mr. Vose's grey horse, five miles, for 200 guineas.—The mare won very easy. She trotted the distance in 19 minutes, and her owner has since offered to trot her against any horse in England, carrying 12 stone. Great bettings at 5 to 4 on the mare.

MR. N. B. Hodgson has sent Lady Mary and Priscilla to run at Edinburgh races, which commence on the 4th of August next.—There are the King's plate and two purses of 50 guineas each, which they are qualified to run for:—There are also two fifties for hunters, and a purse for the beaten horses of the week.—The stewards are, the Earl of Kinnoul, Lord Viscount Primrose, Sir George Warrender, Bart. and James Dewar, Esq. of Vogrie.

MR. William Peirse's stables at Belleisle, near Richmond, Yorkshire, were never known to be so full of race-horses as at the present time. They principally belong to Lord Darlington, Sir William Gerard, Sir John Shelley, and Mr. Mellish. The training ground is in very fine condition. There is also a great number of horses in training at Hambleton, Middleham, and several other places in Yorkshire, which are intended to run in the next York August meeting.

MR. George Linton has sold the bay yearling colt, own brother to Gratitude, by Shuttle, to Mr. Watt, for 400 guineas.

WE are sorry to inform the admirers of breeding, that the Arabian Selim died at Ainderby-Steeple, near Northallerton, in May last.

LORD Foley's bay horse, Hippocampus, died on Tuesday June 24. He was five years old, got by Coriander; his dam, Miss Green, (Hippopotamus, Greyhound, Canary, Don Felix, and Polly Titian's dam) by Highflier; grandam, Harriet, (Creeper, and Crawler's dam) by Match'em, out of Flora, (Marquis's dam) by Regulus, Mr. Bartlett's Childers, Bay Bolton.

MR. Pearson's bay mare, by Ruler, out of Coriander's dam, died in foaling to Beningbrough, at Shipton, in 1805.

LATELY died, aged 13, in Lord Egremont's stud, at Petworth, Sussex, the favourite brood-mare, COLIBRI, the dam of mirror, Cardinal Beaufort, &c.—She was own sister to *Catherine*, the dam of Slipper, Golumpus, &c.

MR.

Mr. Dennis Fitzpatrick, the well known jocky on the turf, and whose death was mentioned in our last magazine, was rider for the late Mr. Cookson; and afterwards for the late Mr. Dawson; and since for Lord Egremont, the Hon. G. Watson, Mr. Shakespear, &c. He rode Diamond for the great match against Hambletonian, at Newmarket, in March, 1799, and was justly allowed to be a very capital horseman.

Mr. Daniel Lambert is supposed to be the first authority on the articles of cocking, shooting, and greyhound coursing, of any man in England, though he himself is so fat, as not to be able to attend any of them—except looking at them from a seat. Lambert is 36 years of age; weighs upwards of 50 stone, 14lbs. to the stone, or 700lb; measures 3 yards 4 inches round the body; 1 yard 1 inch round the leg, and is 5 feet 11 inches high.

He has long been in high estimation among the Sporting amateurs, for his breed of Cocks, Dogs, &c. Since he has been in London, he has disposed of his kennel, which fetched the following prices:—

	Guineas.
Peg, a black setter bitch.	41
Punch, a setter dog......	26
Brush, ditto............	17
Bob, ditto	20
Bell, ditto	32
Bounce, ditto..........	22
Sam, ditto............	26
Charlotte, a pointer bitch.	22
Lucy, ditto	12
	218

Mr. Mellish was the purchaser of the 7 Setters, and Lord Kinnaird of the 2 pointers.

Mr Mellish's horse Jerboa is matched against Mr. Howorth's Plantagenet, at the next October Newmarket Meeting, for 500 guineas; 300 guineas forfeit.

The Duke of Grafton's Parasol, is matched at the same Meeting, against Mr. Mellish's *Czar*, for 200 guineas h. ft.

Royal Archers.—On Saturday the 28th June, the Royal Company of Achers of Scotland shot for the Edinburgh Silver Arrow, which was gained by C. Cunningham, Esq. And on Saturday the 12th instant, the King's Prize was shot for on Bruntsfield Links by the Royal Company of Archers, and gained by J. Russel Esq. Clerk to the Signet.

In the beginning of the present month, as the pointer of Mr. Kendal, of Skipton, was ranging in brisk speed in the fields, a young Throstle flew into the dog's mouth.—Mr. Kendal saw the circumstance, and on the dog being called by his master, he instantly dropt the bird, which was taken up, and is now alive in a cage.

It is at length decided among the amateurs of the fist, that Gulley shall again contend with the Game Chicken. The Stakes, 400l. will be made good in the course of the ensuing week, for the battle to take place within two months.——Gulley is gone into the country on a course of training.

Bickleigh Races were numerously and fashionable attended.—The Hunter's Stakes were won by Captain Weir's roan horse Ironsides, beating two others. The free plate was excellently contested between Captain Weir's chesnut horse Woodcotts, and Mr. Forths horse Agincourt, and was won by the former.

There

There was a great deal of betting, three to two, and five to four on Agincourt. The entertainments closed with an elegant ball and supper, given at Maristow, the delightful residence of Sir Manasseh Lopez, Bart. which did great credit to the hospitality and attention of the respectable owner.

A FEW days since, Sir Charles Willoughby was elected a Verderer of the forest of Whichwood, in Oxfordshire, in the room of the late Richard George Fettiplace, Esq.

DUBLIN, July 18.—Tuesdey a very numerous and respectable company met at the foot of Kilnockin Hill, near Clonmel, to see the racing matches appointed for that day.—To prevent accidents, the Stewards took the most laudable precautions; the running ground was kept completely free by a guard of the 23d dragoons, and not a single accident occurred. Three matches were decided at intervals, between very heavy thunder showers, the last of which rendered it impossible to run a fourth match, appointed batween Major Ross's Penelope, and Lieutenant Coxon's Miss Rosy.—The decided matches were as follow, viz.

Sir Thomas Lighton's b. h. Paul, against Mr. Rudolph's b. h. Skipjack.—One two-mile heat, 50gs, p. p.—To be rode by the owners.—Skipjack walked over.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 5gs each Subscriber.——Two-mile heats.—To be rode by Gentlemen.

Mr Barton's gr. h. Bibury, 6 yrs old, 10st 7lb	1	1
Capt. Cutliffe's ch. h. Rumford, aged, 11st	2	3
Mr Aylmer's br. m. Bess, 5 yrs old, 9st 7lb	3	2

A good race.—Excellent riders.

THERE was a famons wrestling match at Hensingham in Cumberland, a few days ago. The competitors were numerous. We mention it merely from the singular circumstance of the victory having been gained by one H. Burton, who has a wooden leg, and not with the view of encouraging any one to part with a second limb, in order to qualify himself for such honours.

EXTRAORDINARY circumstance.—Eight weeks ago a terrier dog, in persuit, it is supposed of a hare, was seen to fall into the shaft of an unwrought coal pit, in Elswick-fields, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Its howling was frequently heard, and many persons threw stones down, with the view of putting it out of its misery, but without effect. On Wednesday se'nnight, a mason of that town, prompted by humanity, sent down his boy, who brought up the poor sufferer, a mere skeleton; but by care it is recovering. When first brought up it could not eat, but lapped water, which, during the whole of the dismal period of its confinement, except the hare which probably fell in with it, must have been its only sustenance.

EXTRAORDINARY fact.—About three weeks since, Mr. and Mrs. Potter, of Hempton, near Fakenham, Norfolk, were going out for a few days, when Mrs. P. had occasion to go up stairs to a drawer, and leaving it open for a few minutes, the cat got into it, and, not being observed, was locked up in the drawer, where she continued for nine days, without the least air coming to her, except what the key-hole admitted, and on being let out, the animal after having taken a little milk, went into the garden and soon brought in a live rabbit, half the size of itself.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE SCHELLING SARCNET.

A Scotch Pastoral.

MOGGY, a maid of Ilay's rocky shore,
Rear'd to the spindle, and to milk the kine;
Fresh as the the thistles round her cabin door,
And tall and slender as the Highland pine—

Had two brisk lovers—Donald of the dale,
And Sandy, wont to spread his nets for fish;
This brought at morn her milking pail,
And Sandy, finny dainties for her dish.

And spotted shells, low gather'd from the deep,
He gave, and oft his faithful love express'd,
And many a wild-bird in the craggy steep,
But ah! she lov'd the gentle Donald best.

Wedlock, was all his claim, and she complied,
And now towards the solemn kirk they went;
Sandy, enrag'd to find his suit deny'd,
Pursu'd their footsteps as they thither bent.

He took the fatal threads from out his poke,
Red, green, and yellow, and the knots he ty'd;
Just three times three, as firm as knots of oak,
While rage and terror from his eyeballs glide.

He took the fatal strings from out his poke
And mutter'd Runic rhymes with dismal tone;
And thus, as slighted love inspir'd, he spoke,
And cast his spell upon the kirk-way stone.

"Ah! cruel maid, to rob me of my right;
Since all endeavours are, alas! in vain,
May Donald faulter on the bridal night,
And all his promis'd pleasures turn to pain!"

She saw the fatal spell: what could be worse?
Her ruddy cheeks grew as the snowdrop pale;
Her teeth loud chatter'd at the dreadful curse,
And Sandy vanish'd down the dreary dale.

Young Donald, cheerful as the morning sun,
With kisses sweet reviv'd the drooping maid;
Then told his priest all Sandy's art had done,
And begg'd the holy man to lend his aid.

The white-hair'd seer address'd the lassy fair,
And bade her drive distressing thought away,
For he had pow'r to melt the spell in air;
Then led her to the altar, passing gay.

"Unloose thy latchet, Donald," cried the priest,
"And place a schelling low beneath thy heel,
Then the foul fiends shall vanish west and east,
And all for Donald meant shall Sandy feel."

He slipp'd his latchet by the altar stane,
And plac'd the Schelling Sarcnet where 'twas meant:
The rites perform'd—she rosy look'd again,
And Donald led her to his home content.

The priest soon took the Schelling Sarcnet up;
Ha! priests have longings much like other men:
With whiskey strong he fill'd his beechen cup,
And, wond'rous merry, went to bed at ten.

THE SCOTCH GUDGEON AND THE SALMON.

A GENTLEMAN from Scotland lately came,
To share in London's bustle and parade;
A total stranger to its tricking fame,
He now his first appearance in it made.

A snug hotel he found to *take him in*;
They furnish'd him with lodging and with board:
At his first dinner then we here begin;
For there hotels good dinners can afford.

The bill of fare was shewn him—it held forth
A list of dainties that might tempt a saint;
Quoth he—" We are no gluttons in the North,
But I must dine, as I feel rather faint:

" A mutton chop will serve my turn full well,
Or if you have a slice of bacon gammon;
And there's my hungry servant, you may tell
To have a pound or two of your fresh salmon."

Good reader, stare not, for you must be told,
In Scotland, whence this gentleman was bound,
Salmon is oft so plenty, that 'tis sold,
At three baubees, or half-pence, for the pound

As such, economy was now the reason,
That John might have a dinner cheap and good;
Salmon, which happen'd to be just in season,
Of course, was not the very cheapest food.

When John was told on what he was to dine,
He growl'd, and said—" I've had enough at home;
But, if 'tis master's wish I ma'nt repine,
So, tell me when it's ready, and I'll come."

I shall not now, good reader, tire thine ear,
With whom he visited, and what he saw;
Whether he came our grand debates to hear,
Or if to prosecute a suit at law.

To know all this of little use would be;
I therefore now suppose his bus'ness o'er,
Portmanteau pack'd, bill order'd with the tea,
And hack, to take him to the mail, at door.

He sipp'd his tea, and read his arm-long bill;
At the first dinner charge he look'd aghast;
Then rubb'd his spectacles, and gaz'd on still,
Nor could believe the sum, it seem'd so vast.

Himself a mutton-chop at half-a-crown;
" Well, come, that's not so very high a price:
Salmon twelve shillings! send your master down;
This charge I'll know the truth of in a trice."

The waiter vanishes, his master sends—
" Pray, Sir, this charge for fish, is it correct?"
Mine host replies, while humbly low he bends,
" Quite, Sir—my bills are free from all defect.

" I wonder'd

"I wonder'd when 'twas order'd, without doubt,
But salmon is five shillings, Sir, the pound;
Your man eat heartily, for none came out:
If you reflect, the charge will cheap be found."

The Scotchman saw his error; said no more,
But paid the bill; to wisdom now more near;
And mutter'd, as he left the *friendly* door,
"This house will ever to my mind be *dear!*"

July, 1806. J. M. L.

PROLOGUE

TO

FIVE MILES OFF; OR, THE FINGER POST.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

SOME Hypercritic cries, in ev'ry age,
"How rich the past, how poor the present stage!"—
So undertakers say, on corpses fed,
"Ah! there's no man of value till he's dead!"
Some self-made Aristarchus ever sits,
Like a Judge Jeffries over modern wits;
Bullies upon the bench—his upright plan
First to abuse, then execute the man.
Still thrives our stage, still seems there vigour in't;
For you smile here, while Cynics scowl in print.
Plain proof you think, whate'er our stage may be,
Such critics infinitely worse than we!
Yet far from us one murmur to repeat,
When lib'ral censure fills the judgment-seat;
We thank the hand that points, with gentle art,
The wholesome lancet to some morbid part;
The butcher with his hatchet 'tis we hate,
Who kills, where able surgeons amputate.
If we give trash, as some few pertlings say,
Why flocks an audience, nightly, to the play?
If we be found immoral in our scene,
What does the law's restraint on dramas mean?
To state the first they laugh at you alone;
To state the last is libelling the throne!
Truth is, when impulse can be fairly roused,
Smile, tear, grin—by you our arts espous'd.
However pedants preach, you'll think those fools
Who laugh, or cry, by Aristotle's rules.
And while a laugh or cry is to be had,
Authors and actors can't be very bad.
Oh! may this doctrine be allow'd to-night;
And be a laugh—broad laugh—your chief delight!
Look not with eyes of critical disdain,
But favour one who strives to entertain!

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Enter KALENDAR (*Reading an Almanack.*)

Kal. Almanack says this day—aye thus it goes;
"Ninth of July—Thomas O'Becket—Toes."
"The weather overcast"—That sounds but queer;
I hope to find no *cloudy* faces here!
What next?—Oh! to *this market* no dismay;—
"Fine weather, now, for getting up the hay"
Box-keeper, *here*, makes hay, when in he crams
Arms, shoulders, ancles, hips, knees, legs, and hams:
But when he stuffs you in, all snug and warm,
O! Vox Stellarum!—who can then inform
Whether 'twill turn to *sun-shine*, or a *storm?*
Of this night's cause who shall be undertaker?
Our poet trembles—

Enter FLOURISH.

Flou. ———He hath sent a quaker.
Kal. What is it you predict about our play?
Think you 'twill prosper?
Flou. ——————Peradventure, yea.
Kal. Sometimes

Kal. Sometimes they clap, and that betokens bliss.
Flou. Sometimes the spirit moveth, and they kiss.
Kal. Have you no friends above there?
(*Pointing to the gallery.*)
Flou. ——————Thou dost scoff.
Kal. Why so?
Flou. ——— Thou knowest they call out there—" Hats off!"

Enter SPRIGGINS *and* JENNY.

Kal. Spriggins! my man! you're here I'll hold a guinea,
To serve the play.
Sprig. —— Ise been and married Jenny.
Jenny. Beneath which sign, Sir, is my husband born?
Kal. Like many husbands—under *Capricorn.*
Sprig. Under what sign, then, does the sky make *her* go?
Kal. The *Crab.*
Sprig. ——— There Jane; I know'd it wasn't *Virgo.*
I said so.—
Jenny. —— Hold your prate, then, foolish—do;—
Your measter's wise, and know'd it afore you.
Kal. Now for the bard:—Athwart his telescope,
May no malignant planet damp his hope!
May no eclipses make his prospect black!
Sprig. Nor no bad sign in all his *Zodywhack!*
Kal. With mirth may eyes, like stars, be twinkling merrily!
Friend Flourish, don't you join in this?
Flou. ——————— Yea verily.
Sprig. I wish him right good luck, now, by my figgins!
Jenny. And happy as a bride, like Jenny Spriggins,
Kal. Come then; (*To the audience*) you, *Libra,* or the *Balance,* hold;
Applaud him, and he'll feel like *Leo* bold;
If you condemn—for fortune is precarius—
His eyes must then be govern'd by *Aquarius.*

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE TERRIER.

MR. EDITOR.

The following stanzas on the Death of a Favourite Terrier, are well deserving your notice. They are the production of a friend of mine at Cambridge, and are calculated to make the gravest laugh. The author, in these ludicrous verses, has admirably succeeded in bringing in those trite old lines, which may be seen in every country church-yard, and which are here marked with inverted commas. Mr. Pope's rules for the το βαθος, or sinking in poetry, have, as you may see, been attended to with success.

Golden Square. QUINTILIUS.

REJOICE ye cats! ye rats rejoice!
Tremble no more at Growler's voice,
For he, alas! is dead!
" Afflictions dread long time he bore,
The dire distemper vex'd him sore,"
At length the dog was bled.

But what avail'd the doctor's art?
He could, alas! no aid impart,
" Physicians were in vain;"
Water gush'd out from both his eyes,
The yard resounded with his cries,
For great was Growler's pain.

I heard the piercing yell of death,
I saw the pangs of parting breath,
Convulsions of the whole!
Then tributes of affection paid,
With decent ceremony laid
His body in a hole.

The rats and vermin once a-year,
Assemblies hold, and concerts, here,
To dance around his tomb;
Hence, late posterity of rats,
Toads, caterpillars, snails, and bats,
Shall know poor Growler's doom.

But ye who priz'd his worth so well,
Touch, Crab, and Tartar, Blush, and Belle,
Respect the hopeful pup!
And when invited by a mole,
Ye meditate the latent hole,
O, pray don't dig him up.